

The Literary Journal,

AND GENERAL MISCELLANY OF SCIENCE, ARTS, HISTORY, POLITICS,
MORALS, MANNERS, FASHION, AND AMUSEMENTS.

No. 15.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1818.

PRICE 6d.

Another Edition of The LITERARY JOURNAL, entitled The LITERARY CHRONICLE, is printed on a Stamp, Price NINEPENCE, for circulation by Post, Postage Free.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

The Works of Charles Lamb. 2 vols.
12mo. pp. 550. 1818.

WE shall seldom be afforded an opportunity of examining volumes of greater merit than these, in that valuable and attractive class of writings to which they belong. Life, manners, and morals, and questions of taste in literature and the arts, are the objects upon which Mr. Lamb employs his mind, and to the contemplation of which he brings those stores of wit, humour, feeling, and discernment, which characterize the genius and the critic; expressing himself, at the same time, with that correctness and polish which is the gift of study and cultivated perception.

The contents of the present collection have all, we believe, been previously given to the press; some of them in company with the productions of the author's friends and associates, Messrs. Coleridge and Lloyd. We trust that Mr. Lamb will yet live to make many additions to these volumes of his "Works." Instead of attempting, at present, to speak further, in general terms, of an assemblage so various as is now before us, we shall content ourselves with selecting a specimen or two, as well in prose as in verse. The singular title of the essay "On the Inconveniences that result from being Hanged," will scarcely fail to procure readers for the first sentences of that composition; and we can assure them that such will not miss incitements to continue their attention to its last:—

"I am one of those unhappy persons whose misfortunes, it seems, do not entitle them to the benefit of pure pity. All that is bestowed upon me of that kindest alleviator of human miseries, comes dashed with a double portion of contempt. My griefs have nothing in them that is felt as sacred by the bystanders. Yet is my affliction, in truth, of the deepest grain: the heaviest task that was ever given to mortal patience to sustain. Time, that wears out all other sorrows, can never modify or soften mine. Here they must continue to gnaw, as long as that fatal mark——

"Why was I ever born? Why was innocence in my person suffered to be branded

with a stain which was appointed only for the blackest guilt? What had I done, or my parents, that a disgrace of mine should involve a whole posterity in infamy? I am almost tempted to believe, that, in some pre-existent state, crimes to which this sub-lunary life of mine hath been as much a stranger as the babe that is newly born into it, have drawn down upon me this vengeance, so disproportionate to my actions on this globe.

"My brain sickens, and my bosom labours to be delivered of the weight that presses upon it, yet my conscious pen shrinks from the avowal. But out it must——

"O, Mr. Reflector! guess at the wretch's misery, who now writes this to you, when, with tears and burning blushes, he is obliged to confess, that he has been——

—HANGED—

"Methinks I hear an involuntary exclamation burst from you, as your imagination presents to you fearful images of your correspondent unknown,—*hanged!*

"Fear not, Mr. Editor. No disembodied spirit has the honour of addressing you. I am flesh and blood,—an unfortunate system of bones, muscles, sinews, arteries, like yourself.

"Then, I presume, you mean to be pleasant—That expression of yours, Mr. Correspondent, must be taken somehow in a metaphorical sense——

"In the plainest sense, without trope or figure.—Yes, Mr. Editor; this neck of mine has felt the fatal noose,—these hands have tremblingly held up the corroborative prayer-book,—these lips have sucked the moisture of the last consolatory orange,—this tongue has chaunted the doleful cantata which no performer was ever called upon to repeat,—this face has had the veiling nightcap drawn over it——

"But for no crime of mine.—Far be it from me to arraign the justice of my country, which, though tardy, did at length recognise my innocence. It is not for me to reflect upon judge or jury, now that eleven years have elapsed since the erroneous sentence was pronounced. Men will always be fallible, and perhaps circumstances did appear at the time a little strong——

"Suffice it to say, that after hanging four minutes, (as the spectators were pleased to compute it,—a man that is being strangled, I know from experience, has altogether a different measure of time from his friends who are breathing leisurely about him,—I suppose the minutes lengthen as time approaches eternity, in the same manner as the miles get longer as you travel northward,—) after hanging four minutes, according to the best calculation of the bystanders, a reprieve came, and I was cut down——

"Really I am ashamed of deforming your

pages with these technical phrases—if I knew how to express my meaning shorter——

"But to proceed.—My first care, after I had been brought to myself by the usual methods, (those methods that are so interesting to the operator and his assistants, who are pretty numerous on such occasions,—but which no patient was ever desirous of undergoing a second time for the benefit of science,) my first care was to provide myself with an enormous stock, or cravat, to hide the place—you understand me:—my next care was, to procure a residence as distant as possible from that part of the country where I had suffered. For that reason, I chose the metropolis, as the place where wounded honour (I had been told) could lurk with the least danger of exciting inquiry, and stigmatised innocence had the best chance of hiding her disgrace in a crowd. I sought out a new circle of acquaintance; and, my circumstances happily enabling me to pursue my fancy in that respect, I endeavoured, by mingling in all the pleasures which the town affords, to efface the memory of what I had undergone.

"But, alas! such is the portentous and all-pervading chain of connexion which links together the head and members of this great community,—my scheme of lying perdu was defeated almost at the outset. A countryman of mine, whom a foolish law-suit had brought to town, by chance met me, and the secret was soon blazoned about.

"In a short time, I found myself deserted by most of those who had been my intimate friends. Not that any guilt was supposed to attach to my character. My officious countryman, to do him justice, had been candid enough to explain my perfect innocence. But, somehow or other, there is a want of strong virtue in mankind. We have plenty of the softer instincts, but the heroic character is gone. How else can I account for it, that all my numerous acquaintance, among whom I had the honour of ranking sundry persons of education, talents, and worth, scarcely here and there one or two could be found, who had the courage to associate with a man that had been hanged.

"Those few who did not desert me altogether, were persons of strong, but coarse minds: and from the absence of all delicacy in them, I suffered almost as much as from the superabundance of a false species of it in the others. Those who stuck by me were the jokers, who thought themselves entitled, by the fidelity which they had shown towards me, to use me with what familiarity they pleased. Many and unfeeling are the jests that I have suffered from these rude (because faithful) Achateses. As they passed me in the streets, one would nod significantly to his companion, and say, pointing to me,

smoke his cravat; and ask me, if I had got a wen, that I was so solicitous to cover my neck. Another would inquire, What news from * * * assizes? (which you may guess, Mr. Editor, was the scene of my shame), and whether the sessions was like to prove a maiden one? A third would offer to ensure me from drowning. A fourth would tease me with inquiries, how I felt when I was swinging? whether I had not something like a blue flame dancing before my eyes? A fifth took a fancy never to call me any thing but *Lazarus*. And an eminent bookseller and publisher,—who, in his zeal to present the public with new facts, had he lived in those days, I am confident, would not have scrupled waiting upon the person himself last mentioned, at the most critical period of his existence, to solicit a *few facts relative to resuscitation*,—had the modesty to offer me — guineas per sheet, if I would write, in his Magazine, a physiological account of my feelings upon coming to myself.

"But these were evils which a moderate fortitude might have enabled me to struggle with. Alas! Mr. Editor, the women,—whose good graces I had always most assiduously cultivated, from whose softer minds I had hoped a more delicate and generous sympathy than I found in the men,—the women began to shun me. This was the unkindest blow of all.

"But, is it to be wondered at? How couldst thou imagine, wretchedest of beings, that that tender creature, Seraphina, would fling her pretty arms about that neck which previous circumstances had rendered infamous? That she would put up with the refuse of the rope,—the leavings of the cord? Or, that any analogy could subsist between the knot which binds true lovers, and the knot which ties malefactors?

"I can forgive that pert baggage, Flirtilla, who, when I complimented her one day on the execution which her eyes had done, replied, that, to be sure, Mr. * * was a judge of those things. But, from thy more exalted mind, Celestina, I expected a more unprejudiced decision.

"The person whose true name I conceal under this appellation, of all the women that I was ever acquainted with, had the most manly turn of mind, which she had improved by reading and the best conversation. Her understanding was not more masculine, than her manners and whole disposition were delicately and truly feminine. She was the daughter of an officer, who had fallen in the service of his country, leaving his widow and Celestina, an only child, with a fortune sufficient to set them above want, but not to enable them to live in splendour. I had the mother's permission to pay my addresses to the young lady, and Celestina seemed to approve of my suit.

"Often and often have I poured out my overcharged soul in the presence of Celestina, complaining of the hard and unfeeling prejudices of the world, and the sweet maid has again and again declared, that no irrational prejudices should hinder her from esteeming every man according to his intrinsic worth. Often has she repeated the consolatory assurance, that she could never consider as essentially ignominious an *accident*, which was indeed to be deprecated, but which

might have happened to the most innocent of mankind. Then would she set forth some illustrious example, which her reading easily furnished, of a Phocion or a Socrates unjustly condemned; of a Raleigh or a Sir Thomas More, to whom late posterity had done justice; and, by soothing my fancy with some such agreeable parallel, she would make me almost to triumph in my disgrace, and convert my shame into glory.

"In such entertaining and instructive conversations the time passed on, till I importunately urged the mistress of my affections to name a day for our union. To this she obligingly consented, and I thought myself the happiest of mankind. But how was I surprised one morning on the receipt of the following billet from my charmer!—

"Sir,—You must not impute it to levity, or to a worse failing, ingratitude, if, with anguish of heart, I feel myself compelled, by irresistible arguments, to recall a vow which I fear I made with too little consideration. I never can be yours. The reasons of my decision, which is final, are in my own breast, and you must everlastingly remain a stranger to them. Assure yourself, that I can never cease to esteem you as I ought.

"CELESTINA."

"At the sight of this paper, I ran in frantic haste to Celestina's lodgings, where I learned, to my infinite mortification, that the mother and daughter were set off on a journey to a distant part of the country, to visit a relation, and were not expected to return in less than four months.

"Stunned by this blow, which left me without the courage to solicit an explanation by letter, even if I had known where they were, (for the particular address was industriously concealed from me,) I waited with impatience the termination of the period, in the vain hope that I might be permitted to have a chance of softening the harsh decision, by a personal interview with Celestina after her return. But, before three months were at an end, I learned from the newspapers, that my beloved had—given her hand to another!

"Heart-broken as I was, I was totally at a loss to account for the strange step which she had taken; and it was not till some years after that I learned the true reason, from a female relation of hers, to whom it seems Celestina had confessed in confidence, that it was no demerit of mine that had caused her to break off the match so abruptly, nor any preference which she might feel for any other person, for she preferred me (she was pleased to say) to all mankind: but when she came to lay the matter closer to her heart, she found that she never should be able to bear the sight—(I give you her very words, as they were detailed to me by her relation)—the sight of a man in a night-cap, who had appeared on a public platform,—it would lead to such a disagreeable association of ideas! And to this punctilio I was sacrificed.

"To pass over an infinite series of minor mortifications, to which this last and heaviest might well render me callous, behold me here, Mr. Editor, in the thirty-seventh year of my existence, (the twelfth, reckoning from my re-animation,) cut off from all respectable

connections, rejected by the fairer half of the community,—who, in my case alone, seem to have laid aside the characteristic pity of their sex; punished, because I was once punished unjustly; suffering, for no other reason than because I once had the misfortune to suffer without any cause at all. In no other country, I think, but this, could a man have been subject to such a life-long persecution, when once his innocence had been clearly established.

"Had I crawled forth a rescued victim from the rack in the horrible dungeons of the Inquisition,—had I heaved myself up from a half bastinado in China, or been torn from the just-entering, ghastly impaling stake in Barbary,—had I dropped alive from the knout in Russia, or come off with a gashed neck from the half-mortal, scarce-in-time-retracted scimitar of an executioneering slave in Turkey,—I might have borne about the remnant of this frame (the mangled trophy of reprieved innocence) with credit to myself, in any of those barbarous countries. No scorn, at least, would have mingled with the pity (small as it might be) with which what was left of me would have been surveyed.

"The singularity of my case has often led me to inquire into the reasons of the general levity with which the subject of hanging is treated as a topic in this country. I say, as a topic: for, let the very persons who speak so lightly of the thing at a distance be brought to view the real scene,—let the platform be bona fide exhibited, and the trembling culprit brought forth,—the case is changed: but, as a topic of conversation, I appeal to the vulgar jokes which pass current in every street. But, why mention them, when the politest authors have agreed in making use of this subject as a source of the ridiculous? Swift, and Pope, and Prior, are fond of recurring to it. Gay has built an entire drama upon this single foundation. The whole interest of the *Beggars' Opera* may be said to hang upon it. To such writers as Fielding and Smollet, it is a perfect *bonne bouche*.—Hear the facetious Tom Brown, in his *Comical View of London and Westminster*, describe the *Order of the Show at one of the Tyburn Executions* in his time:—"Mr. Ordinary visits his melancholy flock in Newgate by eight. Doleful procession up Holborn-hill about eleven. Men handsome and proper, that were never thought so before, which is some comfort however. Arrive at the fatal place by twelve. Burnt brandy, women, and sabbath-breaking, repented of. Some few penitential drops fall under the gallows. Sheriff's men, parson, pickpockets, criminals, all very busy. The last concluding peremptory psalm struck up. Show over by one."—In this sportive strain does this misguided wit think proper to play with a subject so serious, which yet he would hardly have done, if he had not known that there existed a predisposition in the habits of his unaccountable countrymen to consider the subject as a jest. But what shall we say to Shakespeare, who, (not to mention the solution which the *Gravedigger* in *Hamlet* gives of his fellow-workman's problem,) in that scene in *Measure for Measure*, where the *Clown* calls upon *Master Barnardine* to get up and be hanged, which he declines, on the score

of being sleepy, has actually gone out of his way to gratify this amiable propensity in his countrymen; for it is plain, from the use that was to be made of his head, and from *Abhorson's* asking, 'Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?' that beheading, and not hanging, was the punishment to which *Barnardine* was destined. But Shakspeare knew that the axe and block were pregnant with no ludicrous images, and therefore falsified the historic truth of his own drama, (if I may so speak,) rather than he would leave out such excellent matter for a jest as the suspending a fellow-creature in mid air has been ever esteemed to be by Englishmen!

"One reason why the ludicrous never fails to intrude itself into our contemplations upon this mode of death, I suppose to be, the absurd posture into which a man is thrown, who is condemned to dance, as the vulgar delight to express it, upon nothing. To see him whisking and wavering in the air,

'As the wind you know will wave a man* ;'

to behold the vacant carcass, from which the life is newly dislodged, shifting between earth and heaven, the sport of every gust; like a weather-cock, serving to show from which point the wind blows; like a maukin, fit only to scare away birds; like a nest, left to swing upon a bough when the bird is flown: these are uses to which we cannot, without a mixture of spleen and contempt, behold the human carcass reduced. We string up dogs, foxes, bats, moles, weasels. Man surely deserves a steadier death.

"Another reason why the ludicrous associates more forcibly with this than with any other mode of punishment, I cannot help thinking to be, the senseless costume with which old prescription has thought fit to clothe the exit of malefactors in this country. Let a man do what he will to abstract from his imagination all idea of the whimsical, something of it will come across him when he contemplates the figure of a fellow-creature in the day-time (in however distressing a situation) in a nightcap. Whether it be that this nocturnal addition has something discordant with day-light, or that it is the dress which we are seen in at those times when we are 'seen,' as the Angel in Milton expresses it, 'least wise;' this, I am afraid, will always be the case; unless, indeed, as in my instance, some strong personal feeling overpower the ludicrous altogether. To me, when I reflect upon the train of misfortunes which have pursued me through life, owing to that accursed drapery, the cap presents as purely frightful an object as the sleeveless yellow coat and devil-painted mitre of the *San Benitos*.—An ancestor of mine, who suffered for his loyalty in the time of the civil wars, was so sensible of the truth of what I am here advancing, that, on the morning of execution, no entreaties could prevail upon him to submit to the odious dishabille, as he called it, but he insisted upon wearing, and actually suffered in, the identical flowing periwig which he is painted in, in the gallery belonging to my uncle's seat in—shire.

"Suffer me, Mr. Editor, before I quit the subject, to say a word or two respecting the minister of justice in this country; in

* Hieronimo in the Spanish tragedy.

plain words, I mean the hangman. It has always appeared to me, that, in the mode of inflicting capital punishments with us, there is too much of the ministry of the human hand. The guillotine, as performing its functions more of itself, and sparing human agency, though a cruel and disgusting exhibition, in my mind, has many ways the advantage over *our way*. In beheading, indeed, as it was formerly practised in England, and in whipping to death, as is sometimes practised now, the hand of man is no doubt sufficiently busy: but there is something less repugnant in these downright blows than in the officious barber-like ministrings of *the other*. To have a fellow, with his hangman's hands, fumbling about your collar, adjusting the thing as your valet would regulate your cravat, valuing himself on his menial dexterity—

"I never shall forget meeting my rascal,—I mean the fellow who officiated for me,—in London last winter. I think I see him now, —in a waistcoat that had been mine,—smirking along as if he knew me—

"In some parts of Germany, that fellow's office is by law declared infamous, and his posterity incapable of being ennobled. They have hereditary hangmen, or had at least, in the same manner as they had hereditary other great officers of state; and the hangmen's families of two adjoining parishes intermarried with each other, to keep the breed entire. I wish something of the same kind were established in England.

"But it is time to quit a subject which teems with disagreeable images."

Mr. L. has been the author of an unsuccessful farce, entitled "*Mr. H.*," which is here printed. The merits of the prologue, which we subjoin, will prevail on its readers to reconsider the decision of the audience:—

PROLOGUE.

"If we have sinn'd in paring down a name,
All civil well-bred authors do the same.
Survey the columns of our daily writers—
You'll find that some Initials are great fighters.
How fierce the shock, how fatal is the jar,
When Ensign W. meets Lieutenant R.
With two stout seconds, just of their own gizzard,
Cross Captain X. and rough old General Izzard!
Letter to Letter spreads the dire alarms,
Till half the Alphabet is up in arms.
Nor with less lustre have Initials shone,
To grace the gentler annals of Crim. Con.
Where the dispensers of the public lash
Soft penance give; a letter and a dash—
Where vice, reduced in size, shrinks to a failing,
And loses half her grossness by curtailing.
Faux-pas are told in such a modest way,—
The affair of Colonel B— with Mrs. A—
You must forgive them—for what is there, say,
Which such a pliant Vowel must not grant
To such a very pressing Consonant?
Or who poetic justice dares dispute,
When, mildly melting at a lover's suit,
The wife's a Liquid, her good man a Mute?
Even in the homelier scenes of honest life,
The coarse-spun intercourse of man and wife,
Initials, I am told, have taken place
Of Deary, Spouse, and that old-fashioned race;
And Cabbage, ask'd by Brother Snip to tea,
Replies, 'I'll come—but it don't rest with me—
I always leaves them things to Mrs. C.'
O should this mincing fashion ever spread
From names of living heroes to the dead,
How would Ambition sigh, and hang the head,

As each lov'd syllable should melt away—
Her Alexander turned into Great A—
A single C. her Cæsar to express—
Her Scipio shrunk into a Roman S—
And nick'd and dock'd to these new modes of speech,
Great Hannibal himself a Mr. H—."

Mr. L.'s theatrical taste has led him to an acquaintance with the merits of those who appear on the boards; and has hence procured from his pen the following tribute to an actress whose accomplishments and substantial claims to admiration are generally acknowledged:—

TO MISS KELLY.

"You are not, KELLY, of the common strain,
That stoop their pride and female honour down
To please that many-headed beast, the town,
And vend their lavish smiles and tricks for gain;
By fortune thrown amid the actors' train,
You keep your native dignity of thought;
The plaudits that attend you come unsought,
As tributes due unto your natural vein.
Your tears have passion in them, and a grace
Of genuine freshness, which our hearts avow;
Your smiles are winds whose ways we cannot trace,
That vanish and return we know not how—
And please the better from a pensive face,
A thoughtful eye, and a reflecting brow."

(To be continued.)

Altham and his Wife. A Domestic Tale.
One vol. 12mo. pp. 198. London.
1818.

THIS small volume bespeaks our interest very particularly. It is merely the recital of a short family story; the incidents present nothing novel or surprising; but it is addressed to our best feelings, written with grace and sensibility, and clothed in the elegant sentiments of a refined mind. The truth of the tale we cannot for a moment doubt; it is not sufficiently intricate, embellished, and laboured, for a work of fiction; and it abounds in a number of situations and sentiments familiar to every person of observation. The harmonious characters of Altham and his wife, though not stretched beyond nature, are some of the most delightful samples of humanity; their connubial felicity, and the surmounting of their distresses, is an animating precedent for those whose happiness is in their own power.

The feminine attractions of Mrs. Altham, combined with the decision, firmness, and activity of her character, is an example deserving imitation by those fair ones, who suffer a degree of imbecile timidity, shrinking uselessness, and dejection, to overcome their energies, and throw them a gentle, but constant burthen upon the attention and assistance of their husbands and friends. Though a masculine spirit is disgusting and unneces-

sary, womanly mildness and practical fortitude are by no means incompatible:—who has not seen frequent instances of these virtuous exertions saving a family from distress and ruin, and the want of them sinking amiable persons into a state of complaining despondency? Scarcely any situation in life, exalted or depressed, can ensure an entire exemption from those trying perplexities, which require patience, action, and cheerful resignation to endure and overcome.

The volume opens with the conclusion, rather than the beginning of the narrative: we find an affectionate young couple suddenly transported to the comforts of affluence from which they had been torn by those misfortunes that are detailed in the sequel. Congratulating themselves upon the change of their prospects, retracing their sufferings in retrospection, indulging in gay dreams for the future, and beguiling the time with planning comforts and elegancies wherewith to adorn their dwelling, we leave them full of bliss and gratitude, to attend to the description of their new abode, which brought us at once acquainted with the author, who announces himself the friend and companion of Altham, in "weal and woe." Though no violent emotions can be expected to be raised by so moderate a history, we hope to excite an interest for our hero, his wife, and friend, by introducing our reader to his habitation.

"The place is characterized, then, in its appearance, by a sort of open comfortable rusticity, if I may use the expression; green and airy enough, but rather too level, though it is not altogether without a few beauties of a higher order, principally made by groups of trees in different spots and combinations, of which indeed there are many scattered about. The part of it seen from my friend Altham's parlour window would make a capital subject for Dewint; and what if I try my pen at a detail of it, as much after the manner of that accomplished maker of fac-similes as our different means will allow. I suspect I shall be found deficient in proper foregrounds, and have my doubts that some of the tinting will be illegitimate; but they shall be natural, for while I write there lies the scene quietly before me, displaying all its minute features through a clear atmosphere.

"The house which he occupies is detached, and placed in the middle of a large piece of ground; in the front of it is of course a grass-plot, rising by a sudden little sloping shelf to a paved yard or area, from which you are conducted to the door by some stone steps; behind is an ample garden, well walled, but rather neglected as to stock and cultivation—a circumstance not much to be regretted by the admirers of the picturesque—for the interfering hand of the gardener has not removed or prevented from accumulating on the walls, sundry little

patches of moss or lichens here and there, neither of a golden colour nor a green, but something of both, brightening in the sunshine, and relieved by the mellow brown which time has given to the old bricks; and beyond it lies a series of meadows, large and green, reposing full in the face, and, as it were, in the benedictions of heaven; the low hedges that intersect them are saved from a dull uniformity of outline, by the ambition of some of their component plants, which have, at frequent intervals, aspired into little trees: the middle distance, as the painters call it, is marked by a continuous ridge of trees, of many kinds—birch, ash, elm, and the poplar with its spiral top, giving something of an Italian character to the outline, from whence you would sometimes catch a wreath of smoke, striving to escape notice by hurrying into an union with the thin air, but which, thus detected, told a pleasant story of some snug abode hidden beneath; and through the frequent gaps of the ridge—as it is now the month of April, and the trees are not massed by leaves, but are only just beginning to look of a lighter brown, and less wiry than in winter—is discerned a pale line of hills, fading into the sky: the whole scene besides is sprinkled with white cottages, cultivated gardens, and a mansion or two, so that it has at once the appearance of solitude and neighbourhood."

We now enter upon the account of Altham's family. He and our author were one evening in the pit at Covent-Garden, attending to the play of *Cymbeline*, when they observed an elderly gentleman and his daughter unable to procure seats: the civility of offering theirs produced a conversation, in which the young lady's exquisite taste and refined observations on Shakspeare shone conspicuous. Our hero's attention and admiration were remarkably excited; and he did not regret that a storm of rain on coming out rendered his further services acceptable: the difficulty of procuring a vehicle was a delightful task to Altham, and he joyfully took the offer of seats in it for himself and friend, notwithstanding that it carried him out of his nearest path. An acquaintance being thus commenced, we are agreeably made acquainted with the charming person and superior endowments of Miss Heseltine. One evening, when these four friends were enjoying a delightful summer-evening's ramble in the fields, Mr. H. stopped for his daughter and Altham:

"After poring round him into the twilight for some time, he was aware (as the old writers say) of some object swelling out of the surrounding dimness, which in its approach proved to be his daughter and Altham.

"He asked what had made them linger so long?—The question seemed to start them from a reverie,—they had no answer to give, except that they were not aware they had lingered;—but the voice that communicated this brief reply, was very different from the

one in which Miss Heseltine generally spoke—it had none of the buoyancy—none of the richness—it trembled among higher notes than those full womanly tones that we have heard flow so bewitchingly; not to mention that there was besides an effort to conceal the difference. Something had taken place, it was plain, from all this, and from the unusual silence of Altham and Laura, as we returned in a more compact body; and when we reached the house, the candles elucidated the business still further. Laura's face was pale, and in place of the archness that generally lurked about her eyes, there was a languor in their brightness like the look the stars have in a summer night. Her father's intent observation seeming irksome to her, she begged to retire under the plea of not being quite well: Altham, meanwhile, turning over the pages of a music book, said not a word, but as she left the room looked rather than uttered his good night.

"Now I would conclude this chapter by asking, whether any human spectacle can be more amiable or enchanting than such a one as this; where, through the paleness and agitation of two youthful persons, you read that they have just discovered to each other the secret of their full hearts, and are actually trembling and almost breathless under the first knowledge of a fact which they would nevertheless cherish as their hearts' blood? They are dedicated to each other by the influence of the sweetest and the intensest passion that God has bestowed on his creatures; and are at this moment abstracted from all worldly interests by a thousand nameless, unexperienced sensations; every one of which, could it be embodied, it would be a glory to behold. The actions of the lover have for their sole object the delight of the mistress, as, in like manner, she would be well content to give up the world to make him happy:—

"For this the passion to excess was driven,
That self might be annulled."

After the explanation of Altham with the father had taken place, and was approved:—

"On their return to the parlour, they found Miss Heseltine seated at the pianoforte. She was aware of the interview that had just taken place, and dared not rise or turn towards them as they entered; but with her eyes stedfastly fixed on the music-book, ran over the instrument with uncertain fingers, which in many instances failed to press down the key they fell on. Her performance would have put a musician to death. She had confounded all order and gradation in the society of notes. With a democratical indifference she paid no more respect to a minim, even if it was dotted, than to the poorest crotchet that is content to repose with three others in the same bar. Not that she was a bad, or even an indifferent performer—but think of the beatings of her heart at this time.

"Her father drew near her. Her posture was not altered. 'My dear,' said he, 'look round.'—At these words, a blushing face with eyes full of embarrassment was turned towards him; when he smiled, and in an instant she was sobbing on his breast."

We cannot omit the author's artless

and interesting remarks upon the marriage:—

"I was invited to my friend's wedding, and shall always reckon myself fortunate in arriving time enough to witness the first appearance of the bride, looking, as she must have done at so interesting a time, in the blushing glow and perfection of her charms. I will not be melancholy here; or I should explain to the reader what enabled me to regard all this, and still be unensnared—a circumstance which, considering the loveliness of our heroine, he may wonder at; but in so doing, as I could not trust myself with words, I must conduct him to a monument, and bid him read an epitaph; and I know he would not put me to so mournful a task:—for, besides that I could hardly bear to lay open the solitude, with whose cold tenant my hopes and affections sleep; and which, except when I journey thither, is rarely startled by other sounds than the talk of its own living leaves, or the more audible noise of its decayed ones, when the heavy rain drops fall among them, or when the wind drifts them together in a high heap—besides this, I shall have sadness enough to encounter in the inevitable course of my story.

"I had not been long in the parlour before some gentle footsteps were heard descending the stairs, mixed with the sound of gowns brushing against the banisters. The door opened, and Laura and Miss Essex (a friend who had visited her on the occasion) entered. Frank approached his bride silently, took her hand, and led her to a chair by the side of her father, who, kissing her, began chatting in the pleasantest way imaginable, and thus dissipated the embarrassment of the moment. She looked, as I have said, divinely; and had on a dress admirably calculated to show off a fine and womanly figure, such as hers. It was a white satin pelisse, fitting closely, and with its polished surface catching the light, and 'bringing out,' as the painters would say, all those rounded proportions which make the female shape so irresistibly enchanting. Her bonnet, of the same material, was adorned by a white feather, falling over in the Spanish taste, and dallying most prettily with her sleek dark ringlets."

For one year our young couple enjoyed every comfort of this world: the beauties of Nature and the social happiness of friendship alternately engaged their time. At the house of a mutual acquaintance, Altham unfortunately gave offence to a person of great fanatical peculiarity; a man of vulgarity and contracted ideas, who waged war with all the happiest part of human beings, and found occasion to extract dangerous sentiments from the innocent gaiety of our hero. His name was Mr. Simpson; and though immaterial in this part of the tale, he afterwards proved a most powerful and malicious enemy. Frank Altham's property was unfortunately entrusted to the care of a speculative gentleman; who, notwithstanding the best intentions, had ventured to employ the

money of his friend—and most unexpectedly found himself a bankrupt. Deplorable wretchedness, at the waste of what was another's, caused Mr. Butler to leave England, and to seek fortune in a distant clime. This was a distressing event to Altham; he had now nothing left but the amount of his salary, as secretary to a nobleman; yet this was sufficient to support them in a less expensive style; and by abridging their elegancies, happiness was again established on a more confined scale: Laura cheerfully contracted her housekeeping, and determined to be the sole nurse of her infant, which she daily expected:—

"It was about this time that Altham looked for the birth of his child. He sat up one night with the medical attendant in expectation of that event, but, towards day-break, Laura became composed, and slept; and Frank, who felt that a walk in that cool hour would refresh him more than his bed, strolled into his favourite haunt, St. John's Wood.—There is something extremely interesting in the stillness of a calm morning; and this was such a one. The very light seemed enjoying its repose, for there were no shadows to vex or break it. It dwelt on all things, and lay in the minutest and in the deepest inequalities of surface;—therefore the outlines looked distinct, and the colours kept their own simple truth.

"The night had been overcast and rainy; but now there were no clouds to intercept the pale blue of the heavens, except a few which had gathered together, and formed themselves into a long black belt, stretched lazily across the eastern horizon. It was beautiful to see, as the yellow light advanced, how that solid train cracked into thin flakes, through the interstices of which the glorious morning star, as he walked upwards, would now and then look forth; and how, on the sun's nearer approach, these flakes had dispersed, with rapid and imperceptible motion, to great distances from each other, and had changed their liveries, some looking thin and fleecy, and others taking a yellow tinge.

"The unwonted sight of these operations of eternal nature,—the expectation of soon beholding a child,—the knowledge that his wife bore her travail well,—and the triumph he thought he had obtained over his misfortune, combined to throw Frank into a most placid mood of happiness. He had brought out with him a volume of Cowley, containing the Essays; and had read that inestimable one about Liberty, which aptly administered to his mood."

On entering Grosvenor-square, where Lord Avon, the employer of Frank, resided, he beheld a man apparently dead, borne upon a shutter; the crowd stopped before the door of his patron, and he found that it was indeed his lordship, who had had a frightful accident, in being thrown from his horse. The surgeon arrived, and pronounced all hope over, for life was extinct.

Here was an end of Frank's support. A message from home:—

"In this bewildered state he wrote one or two letters briefly, and proceeded towards home. Many dim and undefined forebodings haunted him as he went along: he trembled as he approached nearer to his house; and even hesitated, he knew not why, to knock when he got there. When the door was opened, the girl, with a smile on her face that sent a light into Frank's heart, told him to go up stairs into her mistress's room. He ascended, and soon heard the lusty cry of a strong infant. 'God be praised!' exclaimed Frank.

"Having entered the chamber softly, the nurse drew aside the bed-curtains, and disclosed the most beautiful and affecting sight that can be seen by mortal man. The mother and the child lay face to face upon the same pillow; and notwithstanding the exhaustion of the former, she had not closed her eyes since the coming of her precious offspring, nor had diverted her gaze from it till she was able to look up into her husband's face.

"'See here, dear Frank,' said she, 'here is our babe; it is a boy. I desired that no one would tell it you, for it is a great pleasure to me that you should receive it from my lips. It is a fine baby, Frank. You should see more of it, if I dared move my hands about; for I have only got the nurse to lay it here by my side, upon condition that I won't stir at all. Now kiss me, and kiss your infant, and I'll sleep. I am getting rather exhausted; but the longing I had at my heart to see you and tell you of my child kept my slumber off.'

As it was impossible to conceal his uneasiness; Laura was, at this perilous time, made acquainted with their woe-ful circumstances: she received the communication with composed fortitude, and unrepining resolution. The new Lord Avon, who seemed inclined to continue Frank in his situation, was, by the undermining influence of Simpson, induced to forego his good intentions; and thus our unfortunate couple were bereft of every means of support. Mr. Heseltine afforded every aid in his power; and retired into Wales to live upon his reduced income. Frank now determined to turn his musical talents to profit: he fitted up a neat shop, and by his tasteful selection began to feel a degree of rewarding success. The dreadful and vindictive Simpson, however, secretly worked his ruin. A school, for which he was eminently qualified, was the next expedient: but here, after a time, the old fatality overtook him; his scholars were removed, and no reason assigned, though he solicited an explanation in all quarters. Absolute want and starvation now overtook the family. The tax-gatherers called, and not receiving the sum due, very rudely insulted Laura; her husband, in a moment, stretched

him on the floor, and then turned both into the street: revenge was easy and speedy—the goods were seized, and Frank dragged to a prison. During the ensuing week, Frank grew more and more wretched; nor could the visits of his wife draw him from that retrospection, which began to stagger his senses. One morning, Mr. Marriott, a friend to whom Laura had paid frequent visits, but who was out of town, called and found her in the most deplorable condition; she was setting out to see her husband in prison. This was a joyful occurrence, and followed up by another:—

“How curiously do circumstances come together in this world! The experience of every one of my readers, I’ll be bound to say, includes some remarkable coincidences. I used to think that this dove-tailing of incidents was to be found only in novels, but I have since met with it in real life; and, upon reflection, it would seem more surprising that the multiplicity of events in this world should go forward without occasionally jostling together, than that they should so meet. Be this as it may, at the very moment that Mr. Marriott was mentioning Simpson’s request, a letter was brought in to Laura, which she read, and then uttering an exclamation of joy, sunk back in her chair and fainted. When they had recovered her, she asked Mr. Marriott to read the letter; it was as follows:—

“Dear Sir,—I write to you now, with feelings very different from those in which I last addressed you; though I am still visited with shame and sorrow, when I think of what you may have suffered through me. I told you I was going to leave the country, and had some schemes which I hoped would repair my ruin. They have succeeded—eminently succeeded: and it is now in my power to return the property belonging to you, which in the depth of my misery I appropriated.

“On application at the house of Messrs. ———, merchants, in the city, you will find a sealed packet directed to you. The amount of the bills contained in it differs from that which I held in trust for you; but as I know the scrupulousness of your disposition, I shall put it out of your power to reject any part, by not telling you where I am. Pray keep the whole of the remittance,—it is but fair, on all accounts, that you should have it; and every day I am realizing more and more.

“As soon as I think this restitution has reached you, I shall sleep calmer. My blessings on you! Adieu!

“RICHARD BUTLER.”

“To F. Altham, Esq.”

Mr. Simpson, being seized with illness and reproaches of conscience, sent for Mr. Marriott, acknowledged his evil machinations regarding poor Altham, which he would now partly atone, by leaving him all his wealth:—

“Marriott now proceeded towards the prison, expecting to find Frank and his wife talking joyously together, and ready to come

away. In this he was disappointed. Laura was sitting in the jailer’s room alone and sad. Frank, it appeared, had been under the influence of a paroxysm of despair, and it was thought the sight of his wife would increase his agitation, and prevent the proper effect of an anodyne which had been administered. As he sunk away into exhaustion, he cried out, in a faint voice broken by sobs,—‘My wife is dead by this time, I fear. Well, it is all for the best; for if she had lived, poor woman, I could not have procured food for her. Would to God we were in the same coffin!’

Frank continued insensible, or asleep, till the next morning, when he opened his eyes to a different view than the noisome prison he had left:—

“He gazed about; and instead of seeing the dingy walls, and smutched ceiling of the prison-room, was astonished to find himself closed in by a tester and curtains of snowy whiteness. Pausing a moment or so in bewilderment, he drew them aside, and looked into a large comfortable bed-room, across one of the lattices of which danced the shadows from a bough of a cherry-tree with its garland of white blossoms waving in the sun; and ever and anon he heard the small birds’ momentary chirpings that cut their sudden way through the silence, as do the twinklings of a remote star through the dark. While he was wondering at these things, the door of the room opened, and a woman entered on tiptoe, who seeing Frank awake, rushed to the bedside and folded him in her arms.

“‘It is I,’ she said, ‘Laura, your wife, come to tell you all our troubles are over, certainly over. Do not look so faint, dear Frank—there, lay your head on my bosom. We shall be happy again now, and merry too, I assure you. I have much good news to tell. What! not a smile for your wife? Well, then, I’ll go and fetch little Robert up, he is running about there in the garden.’

This was the house of Mr. Marriott, at West-End.

“Frank has taken a house as I described in the induction. Health and long life to him and to his incomparable wife.”

“Altham and his Wife,” as will have been seen from an advertisement in our preceding Number, is the production of Mr. Bysshe Shelley.

Original Correspondence.

TOUR IN YORKSHIRE.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Finding that you have done me the honour to insert my former letter in the very interesting pages of your Journal, I shall endeavour to sketch the remainder of my peregrination in the West Riding of Yorkshire as concisely as possible.

In approaching Kirkstall Abbey, the eye is charmed with the combination of wood, water, hill, and dale, in the midst of which our interest is particularly excited by the gloomy mass of antiquity that adorns the centre of the prospect. The outside of

Kirkstall Abbey is so extremely picturesque, that nothing but its vast dimension can save it from the disgrace of becoming a model for those very disgusting affairs, which we sometimes see clumsily put together with new brick and mortar, in gentlemen’s grounds, called *modern ruins*. The principal window of the abbey is particularly admired, as a perfect model of Gothic elegance, and bids defiance to time and tempest. The noble proprietor has very laudably, for the preservation of the building, but in a manner cruelly untasteful to the eye, put up a wooden barricade, to prevent the intrusion of man and beast. Upon entering, we found an immense enclosure, formerly a chapel, but now open to the heavens; and the great eastern window at its termination, the hollow wind howled through its apertures, and the grassy carpet waved in the blast. Shrubs and trees have found a footing in the crevices, and branches from the walls shook in undulating monotony, and with a gloomy and spiritual murmur, that spoke to the ear of times and events gone by, and lost in oblivion and dilapidation. At the end, immediately beneath the colossal window, grows an alder of considerable luxuriance, which, added to the situation of every other object, brought Mr. Southey’s pathetic ballad of “Mary the Maid of the Inn” so forcibly before my imagination, that I involuntarily turned my eye to search for the grave, where the murderers concealed their victim. We now fancied that we had seen all; but a small postern was unlocked, and we ascended to an artificial eminence, from whence we could see the former garden of the monastery, still cultivated, and exhibiting a fruitful appearance: on the other side, our situation seemed rather precarious,—a sudden termination of the path, in a perpendicular descent, might have proved fatal to more careless adventurers, as well as several total failures of the earth on which we trod, and which, under the strong net-work of underwood, presented some awful chasms, that might precipitate the inquirer into cells and cavities, in a manner little preferable to the rigid times when they were constructed for fanatical prisons. Upon a still higher gallery, to which we ascended by a winding turret stair, these dangers were yet increased; and as the rustling ivy shook over our heads, we felt some degree of harmonizing tremor. From hence the monks of Kirkstall feasted their eyes with all that was charming in nature, and gloried in that seclusion, which united comfort, opulence, and power. It is said, that a subterraneous passage, for purposes of safety, existed from hence to Eshelt Hall, a distance of some miles, and that the entrance is yet traced,—but we did not see it.

Religious gloom, pensive contemplation, reflections upon the short space of, and continual change in mortal existence, with a degree of solemn awe, not to say superstition, pervaded the mind, and absorbed the attention. The projector, the builder, the inhabitant, all were gone,—lost in the revolving wheel of Time,—nothing remaining but the work of their hands:—

“Remnants of things that have past away.
Fragments of stone, rais’d by creatures of clay:
Out upon Time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come, than the things before.”

Out upon Time! who for ever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve."

Future generations may yet be swept from the book of life, ere these inanimate momentos of former centuries will decay: but a moment, and we may yield our transitory breath, and this ancient fabric may, in derision, mock our anxious nothings, and stand in exemplary firmness, insensible to the rushing of the storm, the impotent violence of sacrilegious spoilers, the waste of tottering empires, and of a fluctuating population! What a pitiful creature is man, to suffer every momentary blast of trivial evil to affect his health and injure his peace! This reflection arose more particularly in the evening of that day, of which I have endeavoured to trace the commencement. I shall insert a short extract from an account of Kirkstall:—

"Kirkstall Abbey is a stately Gothic building, situated in a beautiful vale, watered by the river Aire. It was of the Cistercian order, founded by Henry de Lacy in 1157, and valued, at the dissolution, at £329. 2s. 11d. The gateway is walled up, and converted into a farm-house. The abbot's palace was on the south. The middle, north, and south aisles of the church remain, with nine pillars on each side, but the roof of the aisle is gone. Places for six altars, three on each side the high altar, appear by distinct chapels; but to what saints dedicated, is not easy, at this time, to discover. The length of the church, from east to west, is two hundred and twenty-four feet: the transept, from north to south, is one hundred and eighteen feet. At the west end is a turret, with steps leading to the roof of the south aisle, overgrown with grass. The tower, built in the time of Henry the Eighth, remained entire till the 27th Jan. 1779, when three sides of it were blown down, and only the fourth side remains. Part of an arched chamber, leading to the cemetery, and part of the dormitory, still remain. On the ceiling of a room in the gatehouse is inscribed,—

"Mille et Quingentos postquam complerit Orbis
Tresq: & ter demos per sua signi Deus
Prima saluteri post cunabula Christi,
Cui datur omnium Honor, Gloria, Laus & Amor."

Well satisfied with this part of our excursion, we now proceeded towards the second object of our curiosity, and wound up a slight eminence, from whence we lost sight of the lovely view of Kirkstall Vale. After passing the abominable village of Stanningly, we left the turnpike-road: my fears of dislocated bones and wheels now returned with double force: however, I resolved to defy danger, and, with a palpitating heart, assumed an undaunted aspect. Another most repulsive and wide-spreading place, called Pudsey, now presented itself. It appeared a combination of all that was frightful and careless in architecture and in manners; and the inhabitants, who stood staring with open mouths, had an air of ignorance, ferocity, and rudeness, which I never saw equalled, and which was not improved by their dirty faces, and coarse clothier's garb, denominated *linsey woolsey*. A sudden and tremendous jerk of the chaise, threatening instant destruction of the carriage, and indicating certain immersion in the "Slough of Despond," through which we were dragged, in a moment dissipated all my boasted patience, politeness, and long-strained fortitude,

and produced an involuntary and precipitate retreat from the vehicle. My companion, much diverted, followed, and promised me a safe convoy over some fields. We gradually ascended a gentle acclivity, leaving behind us the infernal looking village of Pudsey, and beheld the peeping chimneys of Fulneck on a level with our path. The transition was truly theatrical; for, on reaching the abrupt brow of this hill, we beheld a lovely prospect extend as far as the eye could reach. On the rapid descent in the foreground was built the settlement of the United Brethren, called Fulneck;—reposing in snug security, blessed with happiness, contentment, and tranquillity,—removed from the turmoils of faction, and the unsatisfactory pursuits of fashion,—cultivating science and religion, and extending its beneficial influence over a great part of the globe, whose young inhabitants flock hither to be adorned with refinement, piety, and accomplishment. The houses front upon two terraces, divided by a long flight of steps, from the lowest of which beautiful sloping gardens descend to wood and water, and in the back ground well-clothed hills again rise, and meet the sky. My guide conducted me to a pleasant inn, where the same smile of cheerful welcome awaited us, which predominated in every countenance. The unaffected pleasure at meeting, and the hearty and repeatedly tearful adieu of all classes, on parting with their friend, impressed me with the idea that this was the abode of unadulterated truth and affectionate simplicity.

The religion of the United Brethren, or Moravians, is, in belief and principle, nearly allied to the established faith of England: their church government is episcopal, but their particular rules and regulations differ materially: they form a body, and dwell in separate places,—following their system of retirement and moderation. It is contrary to their notions of right and wrong to mix in warfare,—in consideration of which, they are exempt from the militia act. They cultivate every accomplishment but dancing, and are averse to cards, theatrical exhibitions, balls, routs, &c. Cheerfulness, civilization, and domestic enjoyments, form their characteristics; and their religious devotions are remarkable for their simplicity and unobtrusive persuasion. Music, vocal and instrumental, is brought to the highest perfection; and it is impossible to listen to their pious tunes, and to the melodious strains of their organ, without feeling sentiments of particular devotion and elevation. I observed a great degree of equality, which is, however, considerably counterbalanced by the refinement of the lower classes: there is no vulgar assumption, no struggle for superiority,—all quietly slid into their stations and places.

The very extensive schools exhibit a striking proof, how much their system of education and morality is approved and successful. A healthy, bracing climate, generous diet, and happy mind, diffuse roses over the glowing cheeks of the smiling group; and the example of temper and gentleness, mould the tender heart of childhood to moderation and Christianity; whilst the absence of all incentive to dissipation abstracts the youthful mind from improper pursuits, and reserves

it for the reception of those useful and fundamental branches of solid learning which are here instilled with care and ability. Perhaps the greatest object of a stranger's curiosity is the Sisters' House, where a number of unmarried women, of all ages, live together, something in the manner of a convent,—with this exception, that they may leave it, or marry whenever they please. These females, as well as all others who are members of the community, wear a neat and uniform cap, fastened under the chin, and a plain black silk bonnet. Their different situations in life are thus particularized:—married women wear a blue riband on their cap; widows, a white one; and unmarried women, a pink one. A manufacture of worked muslin, much celebrated, is carried on in the Sisters' House. The chapel is a light and handsome building, and every part of the public worship conducted with solemnity and order. Several more of these settlements are established in Great Britain; but the largest part of their fraternity exist in Germany, particularly in Saxony, where Herrnhuth, the largest of their places, is situated. The beauty of that spot, and the singularity of its inhabitants, have often drawn the curiosity of royalty to pay visits, which were always productive of gratification. The Emperor Joseph, of Austria, repeatedly honoured Herrnhuth with his presence; and, during the late war, the allied sovereigns, quartered in its neighbourhood, visited this abode of piety and peace with much delight. The late King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, found the serenity of Herrnhuth, and the peaceful disposition of its inhabitants, so congenial to his habits, that he expressed a wish to join their community, and dwell among them; but this, from reasons of policy and principle, was declined; and they alleged for apology, that having crowned heads in their society would draw them more into notice, and expose them to more observation, than was consistent with their system. Buonaparte also inspected several of the Moravian congregations, and gave a particular safeguard to Gnadau, near which place his troops were encamped. My limits preclude any further detail of this respectable community, and I find that a considerable digression has already occurred. We were conducted from the Fulneck Inn, upon the Terrace, fronting the charming view I described before, and adorned with a lively multitude of children, who inhabit the schools. At the end of the terrace we entered upon the burying ground, a small enclosure, neatly hedged round, and entered by an avenue of trees. Small flat tablets record the name and age of the individuals who repose in this hallowed spot, and whose transition from their lives of innocence, brotherly affection, utility, and piety, to this, their dormitory of bodily rest, seemed to me only like the transplanting of a fair and beautiful floweret, which is destined to undergo repeated progressive steps of cultivation and improvement, enviable alike in life and death, appeared to the stranger the lot of the mild Moravian! Their expectation of joy in this world is not fixed upon an unattainable and extravagant pinnacle: they gratefully receive the blessings a gracious Providence deals out to them, without vainly pursuing the phantom of

perfect happiness, and they look forward with a firm expectation to that everlasting felicity, which will doubtless be the reward of their virtuous lives, and their firm faith. On quitting the evening worship, where the melodious organ had accompanied some hundreds of musical voices, half of them infantine, in chanting their Friday's Liturgy, I exclaimed, "Here is a resting-place, where I could live and die in peace!"

I am, &c. M. D. F.

WINTER THEATRES.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Had your correspondent, Philo-Dramatis, been more conversant in the subject of his letter (which appeared in your last Number*), instead of attaching blame to the theatres for the present neglect of the regular drama, he would have attributed it to that, which is undoubtedly the right cause, the vitiated state of public taste. It is clear the theatres would not pursue a course disapproved by the majority of the people; for by such means they would effectually lay the corner stone of their own ruin: but as managers, like other men, are worldly beings, they care not if their proceedings meet the approbation of the literati, while they produce that which is the desideratum of their wishes, a full treasury. That the public taste is decidedly for the present system, there is a convincing proof in regard to the two rival houses. Drury (which Philo more particularly, and therefore unjustly attacks) for some time past has played what is nominated the regular drama, tragedies and comedies, and these supported by a Kean, a Munden, and a Dowton: now, what is her reward? that which is most distressing to all concerned, half-empty benches almost every evening: on the contrary, Covent Garden pursues the course so much reprobated by the critics, and triumphs in unequalled success. Again, does not the applause with which each representation of the *Innkeeper's Daughter*, *Falls of the Clyde*, &c. &c. is greeted, show that they suit the inclinations of the public: even *Harlequin Gulliver*, though by no means a pantomime out of the ordinary line, has so much attraction, that the Covent Garden manager thought proper to bring it forward, after the holiday people had retired, and long since that of Drury had sunk to never-ending repose: indeed, when poor *Puss in Boots* received her nine times death, (which, praise be to Shakspeare, show there was some taste yet remaining,) Mr. Gulliver again made his appearance, and frets upon the stage even now, while the admiring and enlightened audience greet Joey with grin for grin. As to *Lilliput*, Drury Lane reckons the nights of its performance as the most profitable of the season. There is no one can regret more than I, this disposition; but still I must exculpate the managers, &c. from being the cause: the theatres are but weathercocks, which veer at the public wish; and I have no hesitation in saying, that were they to pursue the course Philo points out, it would be the entire ruin of both, as it is now partially that of one.

April 20, 1818.

CENSOR.

* See LITERARY JOURNAL, No. 4.

THE SAME.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—I am induced by the discussion respecting the winter theatres, which has been inserted in your latter Numbers, to trouble you with my observations on the above subject, "In the hope," as your correspondent, "An old Stager," observes, "that out of discussion, something may arise to profit the managers, and amuse the public;" but, as I perceive you have already received numerous plans by your respective correspondents for the alterations in the prices of admission, and management, which must undoubtedly take place next season, at least in Drury Lane, I shall say a few words upon the causes which have led to the deplorable state in which that theatre at present is.

Before the appearance of Mr. Kean on that stage, the theatre was very nearly in the same state in which it is at present. That event restored it to greater prosperity than ever. But we have seen, since the novelty has worn off, that the talents of that undoubtedly excellent performer have only made the receipts of the house £20, (which is said to be the amount received on Tuesday the 10th of June, being the evening before the theatre closed for the rest of the week, when Mr. Kean performed,) which, on the first nights of his appearance, amounted to above £700.

When the proprietors found the theatre declining again into the state in which it had formerly been, they adopted the expedient of bringing out ill-written pieces, full of show and splendour; and, to adopt the words of the proprietor of the Surrey theatre, "mixed up with much modern magnificence;" which, instead of redeeming the theatre, precipitated it into the state in which it is at present.

It is stated in the *Theatrical Inquisitor*, that an author who had left a piece for inspection, on returning to see if it would be received, found it had been referred to the taste of a "Carpenter," to decide upon its merits. If this is true, the complaint of bad management, which has been frequently said to exist, is not unfounded.

The enormous sum, which in the accounts of the theatre is stated to have been paid to authors, would have warranted an expectation, that the public and the proprietors would have been presented with better productions than "*The Castle of Glendower*," "*Mountain Chief*," "*Rob Roy the Gre-garach*," "*Blackamoor's Head*," and pieces of a similar stamp; some of which have been deservedly damned the first night; and two or three weeks has been the longest run of the best of them. Most of these short lived pieces having cost an immense sum in "getting up," must necessarily have occasioned a very heavy loss to the proprietors, and some part of that loss may be laid to the account of the public having been satiated with so much splendour, decoration, and show.

These are, in my opinion, the leading features which have led to the downfall of the first theatre of the first city in the world; and I would recommend to the proprietors, to lower the prices of admission, to restore the legitimate tragedy and comedy to the first place on the stage, and not to

depend on the talents of one man; but to engage a few more first-rate performers, particularly for comedy.

I am, &c.

24th June, 1818.

S. G. C.—D.

THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—I am obliged to Ionacus for the polite manner in which he notices the inelegancies that crept into my late musical criticism, and for the excuse he is kind enough to frame for their appearance; but whilst I acknowledge that the expressions of "the general run of human hearts," and "Mr. Lindley" (not Mr. Braham, as your correspondent writes) "carried all before him," are far from elevated; I must also remark, that I do not consider them liable to the imputation of being exceedingly low. The readers of your Journal must decide between Ionacus and,—Sir,

Your obedient servant,

15th June, 1818.

W. B.

"A PAPER FOR ALL."

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Permit me to congratulate you on the subject of your Paper, and at the same time to offer a word of advice to mechanics of London and its vicinity. As you wish to make the *Literary Journal* A PAPER FOR ALL, and as you publish it on Saturday morning, I advise such of my brother mechanics as are in the habit of spending sixpence of a Saturday night, for the sake of company or variety, to make a trial of your Paper, as there is to be found in it both variety and utility; and it will serve the whole family, who, after all, will have a good book to show for the money.

A JOURNEYMAN SMITH.

Monday, June 29, 1818,

Clerkenwell, London.

P.S.—Some may say, "I should like it better if there was a little more of mechanical information to be found in the *Literary Journal*."—In my opinion, the best way to supply that is, for mechanics to become correspondents; and I will venture to hope Mr. Editor will not turn away any useful information.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—I beg leave, through the medium of your respectable miscellany, to inform scientific and philosophical amateurs, that I have completed an apparatus upon the principle of the late Professor De Luc, which I am inclined to believe is the largest extant, viz. it is composed of twenty thousand disks, contained in two tubes, each eighteen inches long. The power is sufficient to elicit sparks, visible in the dark, and keeps in motion a balance eighteen inches in length, with a ball at each end weighing forty grains. The construction is such, that no oxidation of the metals can ever take place; and I feel warranted in the assertion, that the apparatus will represent motions as long as the material of which it is composed will last. The striking distance from column to column is one inch and a half; and the actual space described by the motion is two inches. I shall

be proud to exhibit and explain, except the construction, to any gentleman who may honour me with a wish of inspection. This, the construction, I may fairly withhold, until the same, or nearly the same effect is produced by another.

I am, sir,

Your obedient and very humble Servant,
T. W. WANSBROUGH.

Fulham, June 17, 1818.

P. S. The motion of my apparatus is horizontal, and has continued, without a pause, during ten days, the period of its completion.

SOCIETY FOR THE RIGHT APPROPRIATION OF CHARITIES.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—The rejection of Mr. Brougham's inquiry into public charities by the House of Commons, and the almost certain sacrifice of charitable funds in a chancery investigation into the conduct of their trustees, protected as they are by undue influence in mal-appropriation, would render a society of liberal men, with funds raised by subscription adequate to the object of inquiry in spite of power, one of the most honourable of the present age. If you think this hint worth communicating through your valuable Paper, its insertion will oblige

Your's,

P.

AFFAIRS OF CEYLON.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—There is one word in my letter inserted in your last Number which ought not to have been used without explanation. I did not intend to attribute "oppression" directly to the government of General Brownrigg. The "oppression of the Cadians, which actually exists, is exercised by the native governors; and General Brownrigg is no otherwise answerable for it, than as it is a result of his mistaken measures, with respect to the merits of which, (I may at the same time observe,) he has so much misled His Majesty's government at home.

I am, &c.

A. B.

HISTORY OF THE INVENTION

OF

DR. BREWSTER'S CALEIDOSCOPE.

(Concluded from our last, p. 213.)

WE trust that no person, who wishes to judge of this subject with candour, will form an opinion without having *actually seen and used* the instrument proposed by Bradley. Let any person take Bradley's plates, and, having set them at an angle of 30° or $22\frac{1}{2}^\circ$, place them upon a cell containing fragments of coloured glass, he will infallibly find that he cannot produce a picture of any symmetry or beauty. The disunion of the sectors, the darkness of the last reflections, and the enormous deviation from symmetry towards the centre of the figure, will convince him, if he required conviction, that the instrument is entirely useless as a Kaleidoscope. To those, however, who are not capable, either for want of knowledge, or want of time, to make such a comparison, we may present the opinion of

phers of the present day, viz. the celebrated Mr. Watt, Professor Playfair, and Professor Pictet.

"It has been said here," says Mr. Watt, "that you took the idea of the Kaleidoscope from an old book on gardening. My friend, the Rev. Mr. Corrie, has procured me a sight of the book. It is Bradley's *Improvements of Planting and Gardening*. London, 1731, part 2d. chap. 1st. It consists of two pieces of looking-glass of equal bigness, of the figure of a long square, five inches long and four inches high, hinged together upon one of the narrow sides, so as to open and shut like the leaves of a book, which, being set upon their edges upon a drawing, will show it multiplied by repeated reflections*. This instrument I have seen in my father's possession seventy years ago, and frequently since, but what has become of it I know not. In my opinion, the application of the principle is very different from that of your Kaleidoscope."

The following is Professor Playfair's opinion:—

Edinburgh, 11th May, 1818.

"I have examined the Kaleidoscope invented by Dr. Brewster, and compared it with the description of an instrument which it has been said to resemble, constructed by Bradley in 1717. I have also compared its effect with an experiment to which it may be thought to have some analogy, described by Mr. Wood in his *Optics*, prop. 13 and 14.

"From both these contrivances, and from every optical instrument with which I am acquainted, the Kaleidoscope appears to differ essentially both in its effect and in the principles of its construction.

"As to the effect, the thing produced by the Kaleidoscope is a series of figures presented with the most perfect symmetry, so as always to compose a whole, in which nothing is wanting and nothing redundant. It matters not what the object be to which the instrument is directed, if it only be in its proper place, the effect just described is sure to take place, and with an endless variety. In this respect, the Kaleidoscope appears to be quite singular among optical instruments. Neither the instrument of Bradley, nor the experiment or theorem in Wood's book, have any resemblance to this; they go no further than the multiplication of the figure.

"Next, as to the principle of construction, Dr. Brewster's instrument requires a *particular position of the eye of the observer, and of the object looked at*, in order to its effect. If either of these is wanting, the symmetry vanishes, and the figures are irregular and disunited. In the other two cases, no particular position, either for the eye or the object, is required.

"For these reasons, Dr. Brewster's invention seems to me quite unlike the other two. Indeed, as far as I know, it is quite singular among optical instruments; and it will be matter of sincere regret, if any imaginary or vague analogy between it and other optical instruments, should be the means of depriving the Doctor of any part of the reward to which his skill, ingenuity, and perseverance, entitle him so well.

JOHN PLAYFAIR,
Professor of Natural Philosophy in
the University of Edinburgh.

* See the entire passage, with figures, LITERARY JOURNAL, No. 9, page 134.—E.E.

"P. S.—Granting that there were a resemblance between the Kaleidoscope and Bradley's instrument, in any of the particulars mentioned above, the introduction of coloured and moveable objects at the end of the reflectors, is quite peculiar to Dr. Brewster's instrument. Besides this, a circumstance highly deserving of attention, is the use of two lenses and a draw tube, so that the action of the Kaleidoscope is extended to objects of all sizes, and at all distances from the observer, and united, by that means, to the advantages of the telescope.

"J. P."

Professor Pictet's opinion is stated in the following letter:—

SIR,—Among your friends, I have not been one of the least painfully affected by the shameful invasion of your rights as an inventor, which I have been a witness of lately in London. Not only none of the allegations of the invaders of your patent, grounded on a pretended similarity between your Kaleidoscope and Bradley's instrument, or such as Wood's or Harris's theories might have suggested, appear to me to have any real foundation; but I can affirm, that neither in any of the French, German, or Italian authors, who, to my knowledge, have treated of optics, nor in Professor Charles's justly celebrated and most complete collection of optical instruments at Paris, have I read or seen any thing resembling your ingenious apparatus, which, from its numberless applications, and the pleasure it affords, and will continue to afford, to millions of beholders of its matchless effects, may be ranked among the most happy inventions science ever presented to the lovers of rational enjoyment.

M. A. PICTET,

Professor of Nat. Phil. in the
Academy of Geneva.

To Dr. Brewster.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE IROQUOIS INDIANS.

(Now performing at the English Opera-House.)

THIS small company of North American Indians consists of six warriors and their chief, and the following is a list of their names and ages:—

Indian name.	English name.	Age.
Sesnune-gtse	Long Horns	41*
Negnny-awgolt	Beaver	24*
Ne guye-et twassaw	Little Bear	21*
Sia-cute	Steep Rock	22
Segwas-kin ase	I like Her	24*
To-ki-endoge	Two Guns	18
Uc-tas-gah	Black Squirrel	18

Those marked * are married men.—The first is the chief—the second the chief's son—the third the chief's brother-in-law.

They are all from the settlements of Buffalo Creek, about twenty-five miles from the celebrated fall of Niagara; except Sia-cute, who lives in the Tonnewanta settlement, twenty-two miles from Buffalo. They are of the Seneca nation*, so called by the white people; but in their own language the Tewa-gahs. They sailed from Boston in the brig Sally, and arrived in Liverpool about the end of January. During the passage, which was very boisterous and alarming, the Indians exhibited great patience and composure of mind, more so than the other passengers, from a belief that they were under the care of the Great Spirit.

* One of the Seven Nations of Iroquois.

THE
MARQUESS OF WORCESTER'S
CENTURY OF INVENTIONS.
WITH ORIGINAL NOTES*.

A Century of the Names and Scantlings of such Inventions, as at present I can call to mind to have tried and perfected, which (my former Notes being lost) I have, at the instance of a powerful Friend, endeavoured now, in the Year 1655, to set these down in such a way, as may sufficiently instruct me to put any of them in practice.

— Artis et Naturæ proles.

London:—Printed in the year 1663 †.

TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

SIR,—Scire meum nihil est, nisi me scire hoc sciat alter, saith the poet, and I most justly in order to your majesty, whose satisfaction is my happiness, and whom to serve is my only aim, placing therein my "summum bonum" in this world: be therefore pleased to cast your gracious eye over this summary collection, and then to pick and choose. I confess, I made it but for the superficial satisfaction of a friend's curiosity, according as it is set down; and if it might now serve to give aim to your majesty how to make use of my poor endeavours, it would crown my thoughts, who am neither covetous nor ambitious, but of deserving your majesty's favour, upon my own cost and charges; yet, according to the old English proverb, "It is a poor dog not worth whistling after." Let but your majesty approve, and I will effec-

* In the present age, so distinguished by the exhibition of mechanical genius, a popular re-print of the Marquess of Worcester's Century of Inventions must be both acceptable and useful. It is said, that when the Marquess published his "Century," he was regarded by the public as at best a visionary projector, if not an absolute relator of falsehoods. Since his time, however, some of his "inventions" have certainly been reduced to practice, and hence the whole have become entitled to be considered of with more respect. Our re-print will be accompanied by a few original notes; and we propose to add hereafter some additional illustrations. The Marquess is generally esteemed the first author of the *steam-engine*, though upon an imperfect construction; in like manner he evidently hints at the *telegraph*, and the *torpedo*. With respect to the *steam-engine*, Mr. Millington, in his late comprehensive lectures, at the Royal Institution, on the history and construction of that most important invention, mentioned that he had heard of a still older writer, an Italian, by whom the principle, at least, was mentioned so early as 1639. Perhaps the Marquess was not only an inventor, but a collector of inventions.

† In the Harleian MSS. vol. 2428, there is a copy of the Century of Inventions in the handwriting of the noble author, but wanting the dedications to His Majesty and the two houses of parliament. The following is the title of the MS. copy:—

"From Aug. y^e 29th to Sept. y^e 21st, 1659.

"A Centurie of the Names and Scantlings of such Inventions as att present I can call to mynde to have tried and perfected (my former notes being lost). I have endeavoured to sett these down in such a way, as may sufficiently instruct me to putt any of them in practice, having wherewith to do it."

tually perform to the height of my undertaking: vouchsafe but to command, and with my life and fortune I shall cheerfully obey, and *maugre* envy, ignorance, and malice, ever appear

Your Majesty's passionately devoted,
Or, otherwise,
Disinterested subject and servant,
WORCESTER.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORDS
SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL;

And to the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses,
of the Honourable House of Commons, now
assembled in Parliament.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—Be not startled if I address to all, and every of you, this Century of summary heads of wonderful things, even after the dedication of them to his most excellent majesty, since it is with his most gracious and particular consent, as well as indeed no ways derogating from my duty to his sacred self, but rather in further order unto it, since your lordships, who are his great council, and you, gentlemen, his whole kingdom's representatives, (most worthily welcome unto him,) may fitly receive into your wise and serious considerations, what doth or may publicly concern both his majesty and his tenderly-beloved people.

Pardon me if I say, (my lords and gentlemen,) that it is jointly your parts to digest to his hand these ensuing particulars, fitting them to his palate, and ordering how to reduce them into practice, in a way useful and beneficial, both to his majesty and his kingdom.

Neither do I esteem it less proper for me to present them to you in order to his majesty's service, than it is to give into the hands of a faithful and provident steward, whatsoever dainties and provisions are intended for the master's diet; the knowing and faithful steward, being best able to make use thereof to his master's contentment, and greatest profit, keeping for the morrow whatever should be overplus or needless for the present day, or at least to save something else in lieu thereof. In a word, (my lords and gentlemen,) I humbly conceive this simile not improper, since you are his majesty's provident stewards, into whose hands I commit myself, with all properties fit to obey you; that is to say, with a heart harbouring no ambition, but an endless aim to serve my king and country: and if my endeavours prove effectual, (as I am confident they will,) his majesty shall not only become rich, but his people likewise, as treasurers unto him; and his peerless majesty, our king, shall become both beloved at home, and feared abroad; deeming the riches of a king to consist in the plenty enjoyed by his people.

And the way to render him to be feared abroad, is to content his people at home, who then with heart and hand are ready to assist him; and whatsoever God blesseth me with to contribute towards the increase of his revenues, in any considerable way, I desire it may be employed to the use of his people; that is, for the taking off such taxes or burthens from them as they chiefly groan under, and by a temporary necessity only imposed upon them; which

being thus supplied, will certainly best content the king, and satisfy his people; which, I dare say, is the continual tend of all your indefatigable pains, and the perfect demonstrations of your zeal to his majesty, and an evidence that the kingdom's trust is justly and deservedly reposed in you. And if ever parliament acquitted themselves thereof, it is this of yours, composed of most deserving and qualified persons; qualified, I say, with your affection to your prince, and with a tenderness to his people; with a bountiful heart towards him, yet a frugality in their behalfs.

Go on, therefore, cheerfully, (my lords and gentlemen,) and not only our gracious king, but the King of kings will reward you, the prayers of the people will attend you, and his majesty will, with thankful arms, embrace you. And be pleased to make use of me and my endeavours to enrich them, not myself: such being my only request unto you, spare me not in what your wisdoms shall find me useful, who do esteem myself not only by the Act of the Water-commanding Engine, (which so cheerfully you have past,) sufficiently rewarded, but likewise with courage enabled to do ten times more for the future; and my debts being paid, and a competency to live according to my birth and quality settled, the rest shall I dedicate to the service of our king and country by your disposals: and esteem me not the more, or rather any more, by what is past, but what is to come; professing really from my heart, that my intentions are to out-go the six or seven hundred thousand pounds already sacrificed, if countenanced and encouraged by you, ingenuously confessing, that the melancholy which hath lately seized me (the cause whereof none of you but may easily guess) hath, I dare say, retarded more advantages to the public service than modesty will permit me to utter: and now revived by your promising favours, I shall infallibly be enabled thereunto in the experiments extant, and comprised under these heads practicable with my directions, by the unparalleled workman, both for trust and skill, Caspar Kaltoff's hand, who hath been these five-and-thirty years as in a school under me employed, and still at my disposal, in a place by my great expenses made fit for public service, yet lately like to be taken from me, and consequently from the service of king and kingdom, without the least regard of above ten thousand pounds expended by me, and through my zeal to the common good; my zeal, I say,—a field large enough for you (my lords and gentlemen) to work upon.

The treasures buried under these heads, both for war, peace, and pleasure, being inexhaustible, I beseech you pardon me if I say so; it seems a vanity, but comprehends a truth; since no good spring but becomes the more plentiful by how much more it is drawn; and the spinner to weave his web is never stinted, but further enforced.

The more, then, that you shall be pleased to make use of my inventions, the more inventive shall you ever find me, one invention begetting still another, and more and more improving my ability to serve my king and you: and, as to my heartiness therein, there needs no addition, nor to

my readiness a spur. And, therefore, (my lords and gentlemen,) be pleased to begin, and desist not from commanding me, till I flag in my obedience and endeavours to serve my king and country:—

For certainly you'll find me breathless first t'expire, Before my hands grow weary, or my legs do tire.

Yet, abstracting from any interest of my own, but as a fellow-subject and compatriot, will I ever labour in the vineyard, most heartily and readily obeying the least summons from you, by putting faithfully in execution, what your judgments shall think fit to pitch upon amongst this Century of Experiments, perhaps dearly purchased by me, but now frankly and *gratis* offered to you. Since my heart (methinks) cannot be satisfied in serving my king and country, if it should cost them any thing; as I confess, when I had the honour to be near so obliging a master as his late majesty, of happy memory, who never refused me his ear to any reasonable motion; and, as for unreasonable ones, or such as were not fitting for him to grant, I would rather to have died a thousand deaths, than ever to have made any one unto him.

Yet, whatever I was so happy to obtain for any deserving person, my pains, breath, and interest employed therein, satisfied me not, unless I likewise satisfied the fees; but that was in my golden age.

And even now, though my ability and means are shortened, the world knows why my heart remains still the same; and be you pleased (my lords and gentlemen) to rest most assured, that the very complacency that I shall take in the executing your commands, shall be unto me a sufficient and an abundantly-satisfactory reward.

Vouchsafe, therefore, to dispose freely of me, and whatever lieth in my power to perform; first, in order to his majesty's service; secondly, for the good and advantage of the kingdom; thirdly, to all your satisfactions, for particular profit and pleasure to your individual selves, professing that, in all and each of the three respects, I will ever demean myself as it best becomes,

My lords and gentlemen,

Your most passionately bent fellow-subject in his majesty's service, compatriot for the public good and advantage, and a most humble servant to all and every of you,

WORCESTER.

THE CONTENTS*.

1. Seals abundantly significant.
2. Private and particular to each owner.

* Although the printed copy does not differ very materially from the manuscript above alluded to, yet it may be curious to notice such variations; and we therefore insert them below, and opposite their respective numbers. The table of contents is there called an index.

- " 6. A mute yet perfect discourse, as far distant as eye can reach by day to discern colours."—MS.
- " 7. To hold the same by night though never soe darke."
- " 14. Multiplying," &c.
- " 17. A most," &c.
- " 23. An ebbing and flowing clock."
- " 25. A double drawing engine."
- " 43. A variation of all."

3. A one-line cypher.
4. Reduced to a point.
5. Varied significantly to all the twenty-four letters.
6. A mute and perfect discourse by colours.
7. To hold the same by night.
8. To level cannons by night.
9. A ship-destroying engine.
10. How to be fastened from a-loof and under water.
11. How to prevent both.
12. An unsinkable ship.
13. False destroying decks.
14. Multiplied strength in little room.
15. A boat driving against wind and tide.
16. A sea-sailing fort.
17. A pleasant floating garden.
18. An hour-glass fountain.
19. A coach-saving engine.
20. A balance water-work.
21. A bucket fountain.
22. An ebbing and flowing river.
23. An ebbing and flowing castle-clock.
24. A strength-encreasing spring.
25. A double drawing engine for weights.
26. A to-and-fro lever.
27. A most easy level-draught.
28. A portable bridge.
29. A moveable fortification.
30. A rising bulwark.
31. An approaching blind.
32. An universal character.
33. A needle alphabet.
34. A knotted string alphabet.
35. A fringe alphabet.
36. A bracelet alphabet.
37. A pinked glove alphabet.
38. A sieve alphabet.
39. A lantern alphabet.

An alphabet by the { 40. Smell.
41. Taste.
42. Touch.

43. A variation of all and each of these.
44. A key-pistol.
45. A most conceited tinder-box.
46. An artificial bird.
47. An hour water-ball.
48. A screwed ascent of stairs.
49. A tobacco-tongs engine.
50. A pocket ladder.
51. A rule of gradation.
52. A mystical jangling of bells.
53. An hollowing of a water-screw.
54. A transparent water-screw.
55. A double water-screw.
56. An advantageous change of centres.
57. A constant water-flowing and ebbing motion.
58. An often-discharging pistol.
59. An especial way for carabines.
60. A flask-charger.
61. A way for muskets.
62. A way for a harquebus, a crock.

- " 45. A concerted," &c.
- " 63. Forsakers and minyons."
- " 64. For whole canon."
- " 65. For ship muskets."
- " 66. For guarding advenues."
- " 75. A discourse woven in tape."
- " 78. A continuall watch."
- " 79. Locking of cabinet boxes."
- " 81. } Conveyance for letters."
- " 82. }
88. Omitted.
- " 89. Stamping engine."
- " 90. Primero gloves."
99. Omitted.

63. Forsakers and minyons.
64. For the biggest cannon.
65. For a whole side of ship-muskets.
66. For guarding several avenues to a town.
67. For muskettoons on horseback.
68. A fire water-work.
69. A triangle key.
70. A rose key.
71. A square key, with a turning screw.
72. An escutcheon for all locks.
73. A transmittable gallery.
74. A conceited door.
75. A discourse woven on tape or ribbon.
76. To write in the dark.
77. A flying man.
78. A continually-going watch.
79. A total locking of cabinet boxes.
80. Light pistol barrels.
81. A comb-conveyance for letters.
82. A knife, spoon, or fork conveyance.
83. A rasping mill.
84. An arithmetical instrument.
85. An untoothsome pear.
86. An imprisoning chair.
87. A candle mould.
88. A brazen head.
89. Primero gloves.
90. A dicing-box.
91. An artificial ring-horse.
92. A gravel engine.
93. A ship-raising engine.
94. A pocket-engine to open any door.
95. A double cross-bow.
96. A way for sea banks.
97. A perspective instrument.
98. A semi-omnipotent engine.
99. A most admirable way to raise weights.
100. A stupendous water-work.

A CENTURY

OR

*The Names and Scantlings of INVENTIONS
by me already practised.*

1. Several sorts of seals, some showing by screws, others by gages, fastening or unfastening all the marks at once; others, by additional points and imaginary places, proportionable to ordinary escutcheons and seals at arms, each way palpably and punctually setting down (yet private from all others, but the owner, and by his assent) the day of the month, the day of the week, the month of the year, the year of our Lord, the names of the witnesses, and the individual place where any thing was sealed, though in ten thousand several places, together with the very number of lines contained in a contract, whereby falsification may be discovered, and manifestly proved, being upon good grounds suspected.

Upon any of these seals a man may keep accounts of receipts and disbursements, from one farthing to an hundred millions, punctually showing each pound, shilling, penny, or farthing.

By these seals, likewise, any letter, though written but in English, may be read and understood in eight several languages; and in English itself, to clean contrary and different sense, unknown to any but the correspondent, and not to be read or understood by him neither, if opened before it arrive unto him; so that neither threats, nor hopes of reward, can make him reveal the secret, the letter having been intercepted, and first opened by the enemy.

2. How ten thousand persons may use these seals to all and every of the purposes aforesaid, and yet keep their secrets from any but whom they please.

3. A cypher and character, so contrived, that one line, without returns and circumflexes, stands for each and every of the twenty-four letters; and as ready to be made for the one letter as the other.

4. This invention refined, and so abbreviated, that a point only sheweth distinctly and significantly any of the twenty-four letters; and these very points to be made with two pens, so that no time will be lost, but as one finger riseth, the other may make the following letter, never clogging the memory with several figures for words, and combination of letters; which, with ease, and void of confusion, are thus speedily and punctually, letter for letter, set down by naked and not multiplied points. And nothing can be less than a point, the mathematical definition of it being *cujus pars nulla*. And of a motion, no swifter imaginable than *semiquavers* or *releshes*, yet applicable to this manner of writing*.

5. A way, by a circular motion, either along a rule or ring-wise, to vary any alphabet, even this of points, so that the self-same point, individually placed, without the least additional mark or variation of place, shall stand for all the twenty-four letters, and not for the same letter twice in ten sheets writing; yet as easily and certainly read and known, as if it stood but for one and the self-same letter constantly signified.

* This cipher here so briefly described was one of the extraordinary inventions of the author; but as he was not known to have either printed an account of it, or to have left any explanation of it in writing, many shrewd conjectures were made touching the nature of the noble author's contrivance, (see *Gent. Mag.* Vol. XVIII, p. 55,) until the ingenious writer of the article *Cipher*, in Rees's *Cyclopædia*, accidentally discovered, at the British Museum, the MSS. already noticed; which, in addition to the *Century of Inventions*, contains a detailed explanation of this cipher, and which is thus entitled—"An Explanation of the most exact and most compendious Way of Short Writing; and an Example, given by way of Questions and Resolves upon each significant Point, proving how and why it stands for such and such a Letter, in order alphabetically placed in every page." His method of writing may be thus explained: an engraved page is given to write upon, in which are made horizontal rows of octangular squares, or chequers; and a straight line is to be drawn from the centre towards the circumference of these squares, in different positions and of various lengths, for each letter of the alphabet. Thus, A is a short horizontal stroke made to the right hand, and not touching the circumference; I is the same stroke, passing close to the circumference; R is the same stroke, going beyond the circumference; E, N, and W, are represented by a similar stroke, in the opposite direction, but varying in their lengths. By a like method, he suggests that we may write with a dot, or single point only; which is to be placed at a certain distance, and in a certain direction from the centre of the octagon, for each letter of the alphabet. The Marquess proposes this contrivance for the purpose of writing with secrecy as well as with brevity; and leaves it to the will of any person to change the value or name of the letters, as may suit his fancy or intention.—*Vide Rees's Cyclopædia*, Art. *Cipher*; where a specimen of the Marquess's invention is given.

6. How, at a window, as far as eye can discover black from white, a man may hold discourse with his correspondent, without noise made or noise taken; being, according to occasion given and means afforded, *ex re natâ*, and no need of provision beforehand; though much better if foreseen, and means prepared for it, and a premeditated course taken by mutual consent of parties.

7. A way to do it by night as well as by day, though as dark as pitch is black.

8. A way how to level and shoot cannon by night as well as by day, and as directly, without a platform or measures taken by day, yet by a plain and infallible rule.

9. An engine, portable in one's pocket, which may be carried and fastened on the inside of the greatest ship, *tanquam aliud agens*, and at any appointed minute, though a week after, either of day or night, it shall irrecoverably sink that ship.

10. A way, from a mile off, to dive and fasten a like engine to any ship, so as it may punctually work the same effect, either for time or execution.

11. How to prevent and safeguard any ship from such an attempt by day or night.

12. A way to make a ship not possible to be sunk, though shot an hundred times betwixt wind and water by cannon, and should lose a whole plank, yet, in half an hour's time, should be made as fit to sail as before.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

BY JOHN HORNE TOOKE, ESQ.

Mr. Horne Tooke, in his letter to Lord Ashburton, the celebrated Dunning, speaking of the fate of Mr. Pitt's motion for parliamentary reform, has the following remark on the scheme of universal suffrage:—

"Another gentleman apprehends, that 'nothing less than giving every man in the kingdom a vote, would give universal satisfaction.'

"My Lord, I trust there are few persons in this kingdom, who desire so improper and impracticable a measure. But, if there were many, the wisdom of Parliament would correct their plan, and the corrected would be well pleased at the correction.

* * * * *

"My virtuous and inestimable friend, Major Cartwright, is a zealous and an able advocate for *equal* and *universal* representation; that is, for an *equal* and *universal* share of every man in the government. My Lord, I conceive his argument to be this:—Every man has an equal right to freedom and security. No man can be free, who has not a voice in the framing of those laws by which he is to be governed. He who is not represented, has not this voice; therefore every man has an equal right to representation, or to a share in the government. His final conclusion is, that every man has a right to an equal share in the representation.

"Now, my Lord, I conceive the error to lie chiefly in the conclusion: for there is a very great difference between having an *equal right* to a share, and a right to an *equal share*. An estate may be devised by will amongst many persons, in different proportions; to one, five pounds, to another, five hundred, &c.; each person will have an equal right to his share; but not a right to an equal share.

"This principle is further attempted to be enforced by an assertion, that the 'all of one man is as dear to him as the all of another man is to that other.' But, my Lord, this maxim will not hold by any means; for a small all is not, for very good reasons, so dear as a great all. A small all may be lost, and easily regained; it may very often, and with great wisdom, be risked for the chance of a greater; it may be so small, as to be little or not at all worth defending or caring for. *Ibit eo qui zonam perdidit*. But a large all can never be recovered: it has been amassing from father to son for many generations; or, it has been the product of a long life of industry and talents; or, the consequence of some circumstance which will never return. But I am sure I need not dwell upon this; without placing the extremes of fortune in array against each other, every man, whose all has varied at different periods of his life, can speak for himself, and say, whether the dearness in which he held these different alls was equal. The lowest order of men consume their all daily, as fast as they acquire it.

"My Lord, justice and policy require that benefit and burthen, that the share of power, and the share of contribution to that power, should be as nearly proportioned as possible. If aristocracy will have all power, they are tyrants, and unjust to the people; because aristocracy alone does not bear the whole burthen. If the smallest individual of the people contends to be equal in power to the greatest individual, he, too, is, in his turn, unjust in his demands; for his burthen and contribution are not equal.

"Hitherto, my Lord, I have only argued against the *equality*; I shall now venture to speak against the *universality* of representation, or of a share in the government; for the terms amount to the same.

"Freedom and security ought surely to be equal and universal. But, my Lord, I am not at all backward to contend, that some of the members of a society may be *free* and *secure*, without having a share in the government. The happiness and freedom, and se-

curity of the whole, may even be advanced by the exclusion of some, not from freedom and security, but from a share in the government.

"My Lord, extreme misery, extreme dependence, extreme ignorance, extreme selfishness (I mean that mistaken selfishness which excludes all public sense); all these are just and proper causes of exclusion from a share in the government, as well as extreme criminality, which is admitted to exclude; for thither they all tend, and there they frequently finish."—*Horne Tooke's Trial for High Treason in 1796.*

Early English Poetry.

UPON JULIA'S RECOVERY.

BY ROBERT HERRICK.

Droop, droop no more, nor hang the head,
Ye roses almost withered;
Now strength; and newer purple get
Each hue-declining violet;
O primroses! let this day be
A resurrection unto ye,
And to all flowers allied in blood,
Or sworn to that sweet sisterhood:
For health on Julia's cheek hath shed
Claret and cream commingled;
And those her lips do now appear
As beams of coral, but more clear.

AN HISTORICAL NARRATION OF THE WHOLE BIBLE.

By J. HAMOND, D.D.

(Continued from p. 188.)

EXODUS.

THE word denotes passing or going forth^a; which book doth contain a narration of the people of Israel^b passing out of Egypt.

When the House of Israel, by God's command, was brought into Egypt, they wonderfully increased, even from seventy persons, (such was their number at their first coming,) to many hundred thousands, which caused King Pharaoh to repine against them, lest they should endanger his government, laying heavy burdens upon them, and after he plotted to murder the male children^c, commanding the midwives at the hour of birth to destroy them. As also commanding his own servants to take the male children where they found them, and to cast them into the river^d, but the more they were vexed the more they multiplied^e; whence

^a This book treateth of the giving of the law.

^b And the story of the deliverance of the Israelites.

^c Chap. i. 16.

^d Notwithstanding the labour and slavery which the Israelites endured, yet they decreased not in number. Pharaoh, considering how powerful they might be to his estate, the Devil put into his head the slaughter of the male children of the Hebrews.

^e The time in which the Hebrews were oppressed in Egypt, a few years before the birth of Moses.

may be observed, that no affliction or tyranny can extinguish the church of God: we may also, from the wicked people's cruelty, take notice, that the more God blesseth his children, the more doth the ungodly envy them.

But the malice of Pharaoh came miraculously to be diverted^f, in causing him to bring up in his own court the Hebrew child Moses^g, who after proved the deliverer^h of the children of Israel.

His mother, being fearful of his destruction by reason of the rage of the tyrantⁱ, first hid him for a short time, after committed him to the providence of the Lord, placing him in a basket made of reeds, setting him by a river side, where King Pharaoh's daughter walking found him, and beholding his loveliness, so pitied him, that she put him to be nursed up by his own mother, wherein was seen God's wonderful providence, and caused him to be called Moses, as it were extractus, or ereptus, taken out of the water^k.

Moses growing up was after married to the daughter of Jethro, and his trade of life was keeping of sheep; and as he was with his flock, chap. iii, the Lord appeared unto him in a fiery bush, the bush burned but was not consumed, manifesting unto us, that God's church is not consumed by the fire of affliction, because he is in the midst thereof, representing to us the church of God, which should suffer persecution, but never subversion.

And the Lord appeared to Moses, to send him forth to be a deliverer to his people, for he had made a covenant before with Abraham and his seed to be their God.

The Lord also joined Aaron the priest to assist Moses^l, by preaching and working of miracles, whom the people of Israel received gladly, praising God in that it pleased him to look upon their tribulations.

Moses and Aaron executed their office faithfully, in telling of Pharaoh the Lord's will. For faith overcometh fear, and maketh men to be bold in their vocations.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY SCRAPS.

No. III.

Origin of Hermits.—In the eighth persecution raised by Decius, (A. D. 255, or near that time,) an incredible number of confessors^{*} were beaten, tormented, and made to suffer many kinds of torture.

Some exiled themselves among barren rocks and mountains, others chose

^f It pleased God to frustrate the execution of the murder.

^g God's care was great in the performing of his promise which he made to Abraham.

^h Chap. ii.—See his birth.

ⁱ We may see how God derides the wisdom of the worldly men, when they rely on their own inventions; for by the hands of the dearly beloved daughter of the tyrant was that great prophet taken out of Nilus; her compassion was so pierced, that she preserved and fostered it as her own.

^k Chap. iii.

^l Chap. iv.

^{*} Primitive Christians were called confessors,

rather to be exposed to the danger of wild beasts, than return to endure the barbarous treatment that would be inflicted on them.

Of these fugitives, *Paul of Thebais*, a youth of fifteen years of age, withdrew into the Egyptian deserts, where he found a large and convenient cavern in a rock, [formerly a private *mint-house*, in the time of *Anthony and Cleopatra*] he there took up his abode, resigned himself to a strict, religious and solitary course of life, and thus became *The Father of Hermits*.

He continued in this retirement till he was 113* years old; when, in the last period of his life, he was visited by Antonius, who had spent the greater part of 90 years in those desert places, and who performed the last offices to him, in committing his dead body to the earth.

No. IV.

Brides.—Among the Greeks, it is said, the bride formerly covered her face with a veil, when she was brought to her husband, as a token of her being under his power or command.

Of what stuff this veil was made, needs no hesitation to guess, but may be assured it showed plainly the features of the face, and was like the dresses worn by the *Lacedemonian* maidens, of the *cobweb* kind; or, in other words, of as thin a texture as *Lady M. W. Montague*† describes her Turkish dress to be. She says, "her *smock* was of fine white silk *gauze*, closed at the neck with a diamond button, but the shape and colour of the bosom was very well to be distinguished through it."

It was formerly the custom in England and other countries, for the bride to keep her chamber three or four days after marriage. This appears from Chaucer's *Merchant's Tale*:—

"And afterward when that he sawe his tyme,
Upriseth January, but the fresh May
Holdeth her chamber to the fourthe daye.
As usage is of wives for the best,
For ev'ry labour somtymes mote have rest."

And again—

"So long hath Maye in her chamber bidden,
As custom is unto these nobles all,
A bride shall not eaten in the hall,
Till dayes four or thre at the leaste,
I-passed been, then let her gon to feaste."

T. W. K.

* Addison slightly mentions, in his fifth section of the *Christian Religion*, that Paul of Thebais lived till the year 343, which does not agree with his being more than 103 years of age, unless he commenced his seclusion ten years later; and this differs widely from the date of the eighth persecution under Decius, which is the time alluded to when he went.

† *LETTERS*, vol. ii. p. 183—4.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ALGEBRA.

June 12 to 25.

The Algebraist's Assistant; being a Compendium of Algebra, upon the Plan of Walkingame's Tutor's Assistant; containing the Elements of Algebra, &c. By James Harris. 12mo. 4s. bound.

ARCHITECTURE.

Plans, Elevations, and Sections of Buildings, Public and Private, executed in various Parts of England, &c. including the Plans and Details of the New Custom House, London, with Descriptions. By David Laing, F. S. A. Imperial folio, 59 Plates, 5l. 5s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin, LL. D., F. R. S., &c. Written by himself to a late period, and continued to the time of his death by his grandson, Wm. Temple Franklin. Vol. 3, (being the concluding volume,) 4to. 3l. 3s.

Authentic Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino. Translated from the French, 2 vols. 8vo. 14s.

Memoirs of the Life and Character of Mrs. Sarah Savage, eldest Daughter of the Rev. Philip Henry. With an Appendix by J. B. Williams, and a Preface by the Rev. William Jay. 12mo. 5s.

COMMERCE.

A Summary View of the Statistics and existing Commerce of the Principal Shores of the Pacific Ocean; with a Sketch of the Advantages, Political and Commercial, which would result from the Establishment of a Central Free Port within its Limits, and also of one within the Territory of the Cape of Good Hope. By Captain M'Konochie. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

HISTORY.

The History of France from the Earliest Period to the Second Restoration of Louis XVIII. to the Throne of his Ancestors; with a Chronological Table of Contents, and a contemporary List of Princes at the End of each King's Reign, &c. By Frances Hurtle. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

An Examination of the Internal State of Spain: to which is prefixed, a Brief Sketch of her History to the late Invasion by the French. By C. Clarke. 8vo. 8s.

Annals of Scottish Episcopacy, from the Year 1783 to the Year 1816 inclusive, being the period during which the late Right Rev. John Skinner, of Aberdeen, held the Office of Senior Bishop and Primus; of whom a Biographical Memoir is prefixed. By the Rev. John Skinner, M. A. 8vo. 12s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Serapiana; or, Elegant Extracts of Wit; being a complete Collection of Humorous Pieces in Prose and Verse on an entire New Arrangement, and containing many Original Anecdotes. 18mo. 6s.

On Education; a Dialogue, after the manner of Cicero's Philosophical Disquisitions. By W. Heberden, M. D. Foolscap 8vo. 3s. 6d.

The London Guide, and Stranger's complete Safeguard against Pickpockets, Sharpers, &c., including Salutory Advice how to avoid the Dangers of the Day as well as of the Night. By William Perry. 24mo. 3s. 6d. bound in red.

Meditations of a Neophyte. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

Recreations Francaises, dans une Famille Anglais pendant l'Eté de 1816. Recueillis et Publiés par Madame de Froux, (native de Paris). 12mo. 6s.

MUSIC.

A Grammar of Music; to which are prefixed, Observations, explanatory of the Properties and Powers of Music as a Science, and of the General Scope and Object of the Work. By Thomas Busby, Mus. Doc. 12mo. 8s.

NOVELS.

The Bandit Chief; or, the Lords of Urvino: a Romance. 4 vols. 12mo. 1l. 2s.

POLITICS.

Rational Reform on Constitutional Principles; addressed to the Good Sense of the English Nation. By George Can, Esq. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

An Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. By Thomas Hartwell Home, A. M. 3 vols. 2l. 2s.

Sermons on Various Important Subjects. By the Rev. James Stark. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Sermons on the First Lessons of the Sunday Morning Service, from the First to the Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity; together with Four Sermons on other Subjects. By the Rev. Robert Burrowes, D. D. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Apostasy of the Church of Rome, and the Identity of the Papal Power with the Man of Sin, and the Son of Perdition of St. Paul's Prophecy, in the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, proved from the Testimony of Scripture and History. By W. Cunningham, Esq. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

A Treatise on the Covenant of Grace. By John Colquhoun, D. D. 12mo. 4s. 6d. Fine Paper, 6s.

Vetus Testamentum Græcum, cum variis Lectionibus Editionem a Roberto Holmer, S. T. P. R. S. S., Decano Wintoniensi, inchoatam continuavit Jacobus Parsons, S. T. B. Eighth and last Part of Vol. 2, folio, 1l. 1s.

Prayers for the Use of Families; selected from various Authors. 8vo. 5s.

Observations on the Doctrine, Discipline, and Manners, of Wesleyan Methodists, and also the Evangelical Party, as far as the latter adhere to the same System. By Latham Wainwright, A. M. 8vo. 6s.

TOPOGRAPHY.

The Stranger's Guide to the City of New York; comprising a Description of Public Buildings, Population, Markets, &c. By E. M. Blunt, of New York. 18mo. 4s.

A Brief Description of the Borough and Town of Preston, and its Government and Guild; originally composed between the Years 1682 and 1686. With Occasional Notes. By John Taylor. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Travels in Canada, and the United States of America, in 1816 and 1817. By F. Hall, Esq. 8vo. 14s.

Travels in Egypt, Nubia, Holy Land, Mount Lebanon, and Cyprus, in the Year 1814. By Henry Light. 4to. 2l. 5s.

KNOWLEDGE AND SCIENCE.

The Planet Jupiter.—The planet Jupiter is at this time a very brilliant object, and approaches the meridian about eleven o'clock, p. m.

Yellow Viper.—One of the most formidable of the venomous tribe, next to the rattlesnake, is the yellow viper, or *fer-de-lance* of Martinique and St. Lucia, upon which M. Moreau de Jonnes has communicated a very interesting memoir to the Academy of Sciences. Naturalists place it at present among the genus *trigonocephali*. It abounds in all the principal colonies of France. Some pretend that it was originally transported there out of hatred to the Caribs, by a people on the borders of the Oroonoka; a tradition which may perhaps explain why it remains a stranger to the rest of the Antilles. From the borders of the sea to the summit of the mountains, the inhabitants are exposed to its attacks; but its principal retreat is in the fields of sugarcane, where the great abundance of rats affords it a plentiful subsistence, and where it propagates with an increase proportioned to the number of its young, of which it has generally from fifteen to sixteen at a birth. It frequently exceeds eight feet in length. Attempts have been made, but in vain, to destroy these vipers, by means of terrier dogs, of English breed. M. Jonnes proposes to employ against them the bird of prey, called

Messenger or *Secrétaire*, (*falco serpentarius* of Linnæus), which is so celebrated for devouring serpents in the environs of the Cape of Good Hope; and the French government have already taken into consideration the means of transporting that useful species of bird to Martinique.

Lithography.—The first application of this art to purposes of usefulness, unconnected with the fine arts, was made by the Duke of Wellington in the war in Spain and Portugal, for the purpose of accompanying the general orders, instructions, &c. with sketches of positions. It has also been introduced into the department of foreign affairs in Russia, and been the means of superseding a great number of copying clerks.

Cheap Bread.—Take pumpkins and boil them in water until it is quite thick, and with this water moisten the flour. Dough mixed in this manner makes excellent bread: its proportion increases at least one-fourth, and it keeps good a length of time.

Preservation of Meat.—Don Eloy Valenzuela, curate of Bucaramanga, in South America, has discovered that meat may be preserved fresh for many months, by keeping it immersed in molasses.

ARTS AND MANUFACTURES.

Gas-Light from Wood.—Messrs. Sobolewsky and Horrer, of St. Petersburg, have employed wood for the purpose of producing inflammable gas. The pyroligneous acid obtained in this operation, when freed from the tar with which it is mixed, is applicable to many of the purposes of vinegar*. A cubic cord of wood, equal to 2,133 French metres, (a metre is something more than an English yard,) yields 255 Paris pounds of charcoal, and 70 buckets of acid. The latter gives 30 pounds of tar; after the extraction of which, 50 buckets of good vinegar remain. The same quantity of wood likewise furnishes 50,000 cubic feet of gas, sufficient for the supply of 4000 lamps for five hours.

New Plough.—A farmer at Ringway, Lancashire, has recently completed a running plough, on which are a pair of rollers. At one operation it ploughs two furrows, laying one to the right and the left, and rolls two half butts, leaving the surface smooth, even for the sith.

Method of preparing Charcoal and Chalks for Drawing.—The finest grained charcoal that can be procured, is sawed into slips of the size and form required, and put into a pipkin of melted bees-wax, where they are permitted to remain near a slow fire for half an hour or more, in proportion to the thickness of the charcoal: they are then taken out, and when perfectly cool, are fit for use. By adding a small quantity of rosin to the wax, they may be made considerably harder; and on the contrary, should they be required softer, a little butter or tallow will answer the purpose. The advantages these pencils possess are,

* Much of the acid from the distilled charcoal for gunpowder, near London, is employed by calico-printers in forming the acelited iron, used as a mordant, as here the colour and smell of the acid are in no way detrimental.

that they can be made at the most trifling expense, and at any time; and that drawings made with them are as permanent as ink, and not liable to injury by being rubbed, or remaining in the damp. The above process will harden both red and black chalks, and make permanent also.—*Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts.*

The Arts.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THERE is no country in Europe where portrait-painting is so much encouraged as in England. Some have attributed this fondness for the most confined walk of the art to an excess of personal vanity; but we would look for the origin of it to feelings much more creditable to our nature; to those feelings which make an Englishman's home the centre of all his earthly happiness; and which dispose him in consequence to multiply and to aim at perpetuating all the objects of his endearment. Encouragement calls forth talent, and stimulates exertion; consequently our artists in this walk are as much superior to those of other countries, as their patronage is greater, and their employment more extensive. Lawrence, Phillips, and Owen, must be acknowledged the first portrait-painters in Europe. To compare them to the painters of other days, to Vandyke, Titian, or Valasquez, would, we suppose, occasion a repetition of the hue and cry that has been raised against us for comparing West with Raphael. (We cannot help observing, by the way, that this hue and cry is mightily ridiculous.) Does the human mind necessarily degenerate? or why is it, that what has been done before may not be done again? Why are the great men of other ages considered as beings of a superior order, and their works placed at an immeasurable and unattainable distance from us? The feeling that it is impossible to do what we wish to accomplish, produces the very impotence complained of. "Possunt quia posse videntur" should be the artist's as well as the soldier's motto. But to return. The principal pictures in the present exhibition by Lawrence, are the *Prince Regent* and the *Duke of Wellington*: of the first we cannot speak in terms of too high commendation; it is a dignified and graceful portrait, admirably composed, and beautifully painted; but the Duke does not come up to our expectations; the action of the figure is stiff and unimposing; the horse, in our judgment, indifferently drawn; and the whole composition inconceivably tame and insipid. The painter seems entirely to have failed in his object; in aiming at simplicity, he has fallen into meanness. Of the other pictures by this artist, the portrait of *Lieut.-Colonel Lowther* is admirably painted; and that of *Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower* is one of those enchanting female heads of which Lawrence always gives us some specimen, to make up for a host of dull common-place folks by other hands. Female beauty is certainly this painter's element: he may fail in representing a warrior, but with a pretty woman he is never at fault. The ladies of the present age are not a little indebted to him.

We can conceive that posterity, in looking at his pictures, will be disposed to lament the degeneracy of the times, and refer to the eighteenth century for all that is lovely and delightful in the female character. Whether our women of fashion are the intellectual beings which Sir Thomas represents them, is a question as well let alone. We have enough of chivalric feeling about us at any rate to be willing to give into so charming an illusion. We like whatever raises us above the sad realities of the present state, and would willingly persuade ourselves that we are living and associating with beings of a superior order, with such beings in fact as are created by the pencil of this most fascinating artist. Phillips, though a powerful painter, gives us more of the every day character of his sitter; his portraits always have their human frailties hanging about them; there is a reality and identity in them which brings us acquainted with the weaknesses as well as the virtues of his originals. We must say, that we admire exceedingly that decided aim at identifying every thing which characterizes this artist's works. We have been too long accustomed to see pictures made up of dashes and splashes, without meaning and without effect. Mr. Phillips is above such nonsense; his portraits may almost be said "to live, and move, and have a being." If he be sometimes wanting in taste, he makes ample amends for the deficiency by other high and manly qualities. The portrait of *Mrs. Watts Russell* is, perhaps, the most perfect picture in the present exhibition.

Owen has abundance of taste, and studies every thing diligently from nature. He aims more at character than beauty. The portrait of Cyril Jackson, in Christ Church Hall, which got him so much credit with the churchmen, is one of the most powerful pictures, and most characteristic likenesses, we ever recollect to have seen. It must be owned, he sometimes gives us the worst of his sitter, and we think he has done this for the *Bishop of Peterborough*, in the present exhibition. The bishop is one of those individuals, of whom there are in the present day many illustrious examples, who have risen from the lowest situation in life to the highest rank in the profession to which they have been attached; but we know his lordship's face well, and we do think it capable of something more than the painter has made of it; he looks, in Owen's picture, more like a butcher than a bishop. The portrait of a *Little Boy with a Dog*, the son of Lord Bagot, is Owen's prettiest picture this year; that of the two old folks in the corner, *Mr. and Mrs. Claude Scott*, is finely and forcibly painted: indeed, whatever this artist paints, he paints well; there is nothing artificial about his pictures, they have always an air of simple truth, which cannot fail to make a lasting impression on the mind of the spectator.

In concluding the consideration of the merits of these three most distinguished painters, we would just observe, that they have, like all who have preceded, and all who will follow them, a tendency to fall into the errors that lie on the side of their greatest excellence. Lawrence, with all his grace and elegance, borders on affectation. Phillips,

full as he is of manly energy, becomes sometimes common-place: and Owen's simplicity not unfrequently sinks into vulgarity:—so difficult is it in art, as well as morals, to attain that perfection which is "our being's end and aim."

P.S.—We are particularly thankful to T. W. K., for setting the matter right between Glover John, that is the father, and Glover William, the son; the more so, as we are fearful the public have fallen into a similar error with us: for ourselves we are free to confess, however it may militate against our critical sagacity, we cannot discover the difference; to our optics, the pictures of Glover William are quite as *pretty* as those of Glover John: in future, however, we will take particular care to look into the catalogue for the *Christian name*.

We have been accused, too, of another error, as it regards the Exhibition at Spring Gardens—the having omitted altogether the works of Mr. Haydon. The truth is, so much has been said about Mr. Haydon, that we were almost afraid to trust ourselves on the subject, particularly as we found so little in the exhibition on which to comment. The odours of this gentleman may live by faith and not by sight; but we, who are not of the number of the initiated, require the evidence of our senses before we can believe. Should the forthcoming picture, which has been talked about for four long years, dispel our doubts, we will readily rank ourselves amongst the number of his worshippers.

Original Poetry.

LOVE AND LAURA.

On a bed of violets blooming,
LAURA slept beneath a shade;
Odours Zephyr's wings perfuming,
Gently fann'd the slumb'ring maid.

Love, on sportive wing, there flying,
Seeking objects for his skill,
Ey'd the fair one, and while eyeing
Wish'd her subject to his will.

Then carefully his keenest dart
The archer chose, and laugh'd the while;
But, ere he'd aim'd it at her heart,
The maiden woke and saw his guile.

In vain, she cried, is all your skill,
Compar'd with mine, to touch the heart;
One look of mine, blind urchin, will
Wound surer than your keenest dart.

T. W. K.

THE NATURAL PHILOSOPHER.

Let astrologers talk of bright solar beams,
That descend from the uppermost skies;
Since it puts me in mind of those fanciful dreams
That are waken'd by FANNY's bright eyes.

Let them tell us that Venus's beautiful ray
Descends fair and large "as a shilling†";
Since FANNY's bright eye-beams, I'll venture to
say,

Tho' not half so large, are as thrilling.

Let them still wonder on, now gaze, and now guess
How the stars in their orbits can move;
While, untutor'd by science, I boldly confess
A new star in the eye of my love.

T. W. K.

† See Walker's Astronomy.

ON "A SHORT NOTE
OF
FEMALE REQUISITES,
BY AN OLD BACHELOR*."

Αἰς κοσμοῦς σιγῇ τε, καὶ τα παύρ' ἐπῆ. — SOPHOCLES.

Why finish with Y? would it not have been better,
Had you let our friend, Z, been heard?
But, perhaps, you did well to suppress† the last
letter,
Just to hint she may'nt have the last word‡!

* LITERARY JOURNAL, No. 12.

† An Old Bachelor had probably read Lord Bacon, who observes, that things kept out of sight are sometimes "like the images of Cassius and Brutus in the funeral of Junia; of which not being represented, as many others were, Tacitus saith,—*Eo ipso praefulgebant, quod non visebantur.*"

‡ Not even λαλῶν σιωπῇ, as Anacreon has it, which is perhaps still more provoking in a wife.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Student's Recreations, No. VI," in our next.

Various communications, some of which we promised last week, are deferred for want of room. From the same cause, the conclusion of the History of the Kaleidoscope is reserved for our next.

EDMUND, G. G., ORDOVEY, R. F., and several others, are received only in time to allow of this general notice.

J. A. and W. Y. at the first opportunity.

In some copies of our last, p. 207, col. 1, for "disapprobation at," read "dissatisfaction at;" p. 211, col. 1, l. 37, for "professor," read "possessor;" p. 213, col. 3, l. 45, for "Urion," read "Wnion"—in Welsh, *w* has the sound of *oo*, consequently, *Wnion* is pronounced *Oonion*; p. 221, col. 3, l. 67, for "When," read "Where;" p. 222, col. 1, l. 16, for "quar-tain," read "quatrain;" and for "translation," read "translator."

"Letters from North Wales, No. II," is reluctantly postponed till our next. We hope to continue them weekly in future.

The printed authority sent us by T. W. K. is wrong. It is we who are in the right.

The "Parody on Gray's Elegy," written in Covent-Garden, is received. We accept the offer of S. S.

KITTY SCRUPLE in our next.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EXTRAORDINARY INGENUITY.

This Day is Published, price 2s. 6d., the Second Edition of

A NARRATIVE of the CONDUCT and ADVENTURES of HENRY FREDERICK MOON, a Native of Brighthelmstone, Sussex, and now under sentence of imprisonment in Connecticut, in North America; containing an Account of his unparalleled Artifices, Impostures, Mechanical Ingenuity, &c. &c. By WALTER BATES, Esq. High Sheriff of King's County, in New Brunswick. With an Introductory Description of New Brunswick, and a Postscript, containing some Account of Caraboo, the late Female Impostor at Bristol.

"Greater instances of talents, combined with desperate wickedness, we have never perused. Some of the stories are almost too marvellous to be credited, were they not originally published by a man of character, and a magistrate."—*Literary Panorama*, March, 1818.

Printed for Allman and Co., Princes-street, Hanover-square; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' court; and A. Christie, 362, Strand.

NORTH POLE.

This Day is Published, price 1s. 6d. plain, and 2s. 6d. coloured,

A MAP of the WORLD, on a NEW, or NORTH POLAR PROJECTION; comprising the entire Surface of the Globe, from the North Pole to the Latitude of Cape Horn; exhibiting all the known Continents and Islands, as they lie surrounding the North Pole, and the actual routes of Modern Navigation from Europe to China and the Pacific Ocean, by the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn respectively; as also the supposed route by Behring's Straits, or Straits of Anian, across the Polar Seas: and designed to assist those who are not familiar with Geographical Studies, in comprehending the advantages that are anticipated from a successful termination of the present Expeditions towards the North Pole: engraved for the LITERARY JOURNAL, No. II.

Sold by A. Christie, 362, Strand (front of Exeter Change); E. Wilson, 88, and J. Chappell, 98, Cornhill; and all Booksellers and News-venders.

FREE DRAWING-SCHOOLS.

Speedily will be Published, by BALDWIN, CRADOCK, and JOY, Paternoster Row,

A PROPOSAL, &c. &c. for Establishing FREE DRAWING-SCHOOLS, for preparing Youth of both Sexes for the Mechanic Occupations, and other common Employments; as, those of Carpentry, Smith's Work, Building, Cabinet-Making, Turning, Carving, Coach-Making, Joining, Masonry, House-Painting, Weaving, Dress-Making, Flower-Making, Embroidering, Millinery, &c. &c. By E. A. KENDALL, Esq. F.A.S.

. Free Drawing-Schools will be recommended, in this Publication, upon these principles, among others:—

I. That the *Art of Drawing*, like the Arts of Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, ought to be a branch of *Common Education*, because it can often enable its possessor, either absolutely to *get a living*, or else to *rise* in his condition of life; its use being indispensable in many Trades and Employments, and more or less useful in all; and

II. That the true method of serving the Poor, is to *increase* their means of serving themselves.

II.

COLONIAL INSTITUTION, &c.

A PROPOSAL for Establishing in London a New Philanthropic and Patriotic Institution, to be called, THE PATRIOTIC METROPOLITAN COLONIAL INSTITUTION, for assisting new Settlers in His Majesty's Colonies, and for encouraging new Branches of Colonial Trade; a Proposal for establishing New and Distinct Colonies for the Relief of the Half-Casts of India, and Mulattoes of the West Indies; a Postscript on the Benefits to be derived from Establishing Free Drawing-Schools, and Schools of Chemistry and the Mathematics; and on other Means of Advancing the National Industry, Numbers, and Greatness. By E. A. KENDALL, Esq. F.A.S.

III.

THE COLONIES.

This Day is Published,

The COLONIES and the PRESENT AMERICAN REVOLUTIONS. By M. DE PRADT, formerly Archbishop of Malines. Translated from the French.

CONTENTS:—Grandeur and Importance of the Inquiry concerning the Colonies. Ancient and Modern State of the Colonies.—General View, Geographical, Historical, and Commercial, of all the European Colonies. Portuguese Colonies.—Dutch Colonies.—British Colonies.—French Colonies.—Spanish Colonies.—General View of the Productions and Commerce of the European Colonies.—Of Colonies in general.—Elementary Principles of the Colonial System.—Of Exclusive Commercial Com-

panies.—Of the Exclusive Commerce of Mother Countries with their Colonies.—Of Slavery in the Colonies of St. Domingo.—Comparison of the Elementary Principles of the Colonial System with those which have been followed by the Europeans.—Conduct of the Europeans in regard to their Colonies.—Recapitulation of the present State of the Colonial Powers.—Consequences and Dangers of that State.—Of the Change of Mother Countries into Colonies, and of Colonies into Mother Countries.—Of the Dependence of India, and the Independence of the Colonies.—Of the Separation, prepared and unprepared, of the Colonies.—Necessity of a Colonial Congress.—Can Spain reconquer and retain her Colonies? What ought Spain to do?—Of the Rights of Europe in the War between Spain and her Colonies.—Of the Influence of the Colonies on the Navies of Europe.—What ought the inferior Maritime Powers to do, in relation to their Colonies?—Plans hitherto proposed for the Colonies.—A Plan proposed for the Colonies.—Benefits, Losses, and Compensations, in the Plan for the Colonies.—Particular Considerations.—Of the British Empire in India, and its Duration.—What will become of the United States of America?—Of the Necessity of forming Establishments in Europe for Advancing the Prosperity of the Colonies.

IV.

Published Quarterly, in royal 8vo. price 8s. each Number, with Plates,

The COLONIAL JOURNAL: containing—

1. The Political and Commercial Interests of the Colonies asserted, and Colonial Rights and Liberties Defended.
2. Original Communications on Colonial Interests, Commerce, Agriculture, History, Biography, Topography, &c.
3. Emigration Papers; or practical Facts and Observations, collected for the assistance of Persons disposed to emigrate to the British Colonies, United States of America, &c.
4. Colonial Collections, comprehending Royal Charters, Proclamations, Parliamentary Enactments, Commercial Documents, Exports and Imports, &c.
5. Colonial Bibliography; or Accounts of Books of all Dates, written on Colonial Affairs.
6. Reviews of New Publications of Colonial Interest.
7. State and other Official Papers.
8. Proceedings in Parliament on Questions interesting to the Colonies.
9. Proceedings of the several Colonial Governments and Legislatures, and their respective branches.
10. Law Proceedings, Criminal Trials, &c.
11. Titles and Abstracts of all Acts of each Session of Parliament relating to the Colonies, and New Acts of the Colonial Legislatures.
12. Colonial Occurrences; Births, Deaths, Marriages, &c. Arrivals, Departures, &c.
13. Colonial Notices, Civil, Military, Naval, Literary, Philosophical, Missionary, &c.
14. Shipping and Commercial Intelligence; State of the British Markets; Prices Current of Colonial Produce, &c.
15. Colonial Appointments, Civil and Military Establishments in the Colonies, Lists of Public Officers, &c.
16. Packets and Ship-letter Mails, Rates of Postage, Days of Sailing, calculated Return of Packets in England and the Colonies, Days of making up Mails, &c.
17. Annual Parliamentary Accounts of the Trade and Navigation of Great Britain, Ireland, and the Colonies.

LONDON:—Printed for the Proprietor, by J. MOYES, Greville Street; and Published by A. CHRISTIE, 362, Strand (the front of Exeter Change); E. WILSON, 88, and J. CHAPPELL, 98, Cornhill; and at REYNOLDS'S Subscription Reading Room, 137, Oxford Street; where Communications and Advertisements are received.

[Subscribers are respectfully requested to give their ORDERS to any Bookseller or News-vender convenient to their own places of residence.]

(PRICE SIXPENCE.)